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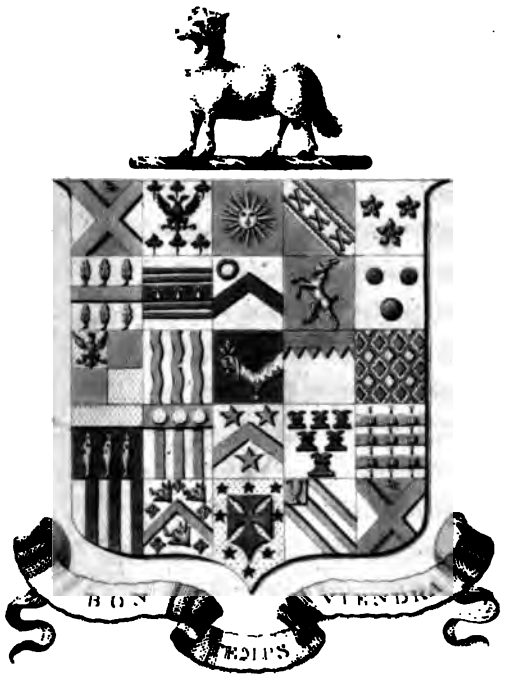

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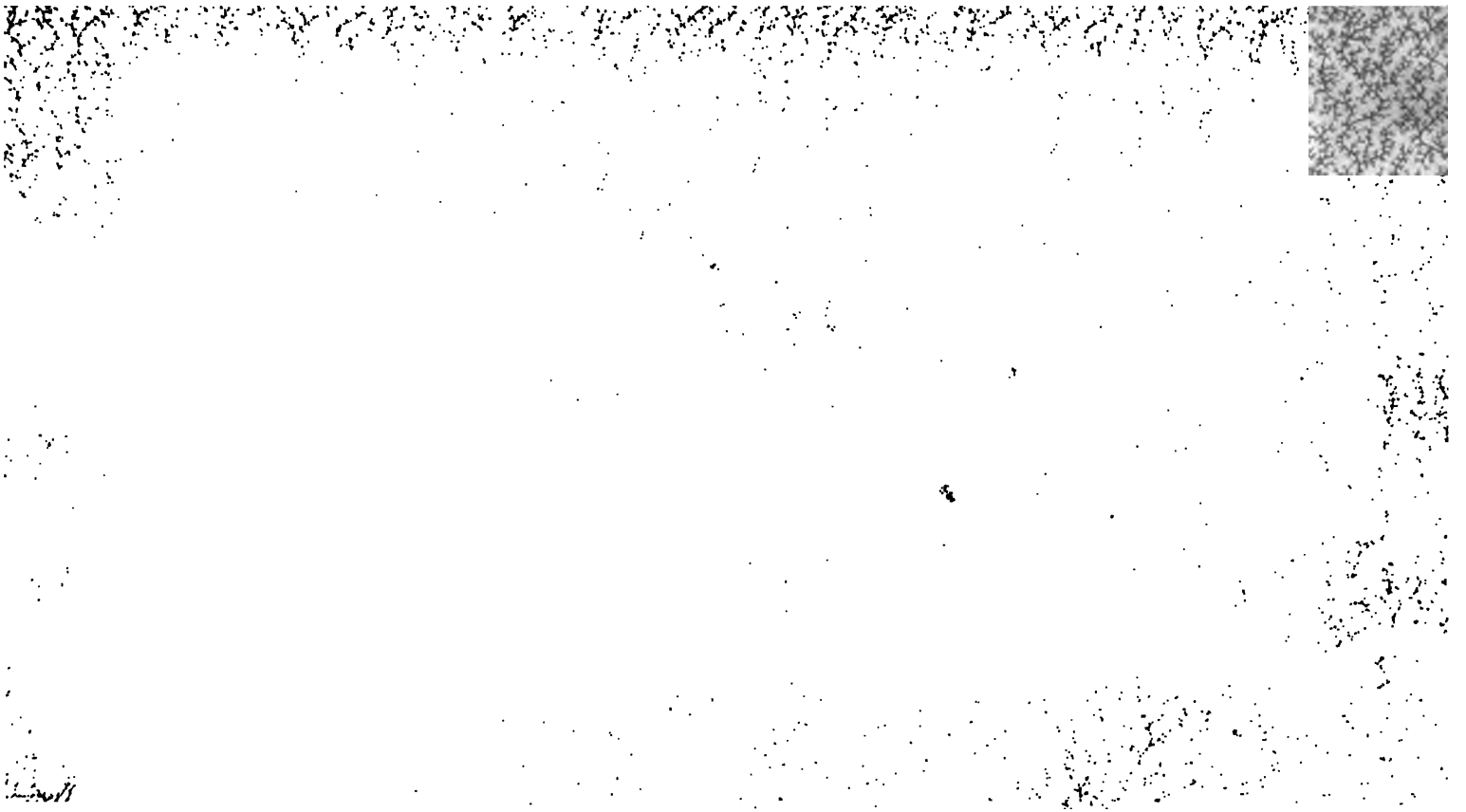

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, &c.

FROM THE YEAR 1714 TO 1737.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, &c.

FROM THE YEAR 1714 TO 1737.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the Country, and doubt not but

(by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat[1]: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State treatise from your retirement; and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old who received their oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most conve-

[1] Some time before the death of Queen *Anne*, when her Ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's house at Letcomb in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

nient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus[2]. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I write this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Yours, etc.

[2] This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; the issue of which were, only some detached parts and fragments, such as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the Profound*, the literal *Criticisms on Virgil*, etc. W.

But the *three* last-mentioned Works were not at all in the character of Dr. *Scriblerus*.

LETTER II.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

My [3]Lord Bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without a probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *Desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return,[4] you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the

[3] Dr. *St. George Ash*, formerly a fellow of *Trinity College, Dublin* (to whom the Dean was a Pupil), afterward Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716, and performed the ceremony in a garden. S.

[4] In a Manuscript Letter of Lord Bolingbroke it is said, "That George the First set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set of men that would be quiet subjects. But as soon as he came into Holland a contrary resolution was taken, at the earnest importunity of the Allies, and particularly of Heinsius, and of some of the Whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphantly to acquaint Lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and of persecution which they intended, and to which the King had at last consented. The old Peer asked him what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate."

Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros* —Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the Eclipse, but it was that Eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable Rhymes[5] to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay.[6] You are pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I

[5] He was frequently carping at Pope for bad Rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact.

[6] Given to him by Parnell; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again.

think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times[7].

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary business, and if they have done with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a Parliament on this; but truly I must be a little easy in my mind[8] before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a

[7] Put these two last observations together, and it will appear, that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of Party, nor would he insult a Ministry to humour them. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another.* See the *Letter to a Noble Lord.* W.

[8] Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition, as in these Letters of the Dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the Queen's last Ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, that he had so insuperably disgusted many grave Divines, and the Queen herself, by his *Tale of a Tub*, that she never would hear of his advancement in the Church. And this disgust was kept alive by the instigations of Archbishop Sharp, and by the Dutchess of Somerset, whom he had wantonly lampooned. It was in vain he wrote, to take off these impressions, his incomparable Treatises, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion;* and the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man.* The truth is, his friends the Ministers had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the constant practice of all Ministers, artfully concealed from him their inability to serve him, to keep him steady in his dependance on them.

steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amusements are, defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, etc.

LETTER III.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less[9] and drink more whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely.

[9] Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner.

A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived in that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one[1] in my name[2]). This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie[3], wherein if I can do but some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome[4] I judge (from many modern

[1] In Curl's Collection.

[2] It is observable that he does not deny his being the writer of it.

[3] One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since.

[4] These words are remarkable. What would he have said, if he had seen what has happened in France, 1794? and what is likely to happen, by the diffusion of Learning and Science, in all the other Catholic Countries of Europe? Such events are stupendous;—*Non hæc sine numine Divûm eveniunt.*

symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so Churches sink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that Religion and Trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a Poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Possession of any sort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the Courts of

Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconveniency will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace. —You sleep less and drink more——But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in Temples for those who would consult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me[5] slumbering[6]," etc.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise[7], and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether Addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one?

[5] The only time *Swift* ever alludes to *Milton:* who was of an order of writers very different from what *Swift* admired and imitated.

[6] Milton.

[7] According to Spence's anecdotes, Swift was not born in Ireland, as it has sometimes been asserted, but at Leicester, 1667.

However I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in Critic or Satire, not only by stolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had long a design upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice of any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town,

who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, etc. It gave me a hint that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if your friend Gay[8] could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's[9] pastoral, might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you.

I am with the truest esteem,

Yours, etc.

[8] Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

[9] Swift himself wrote one of this kind, entitled *Dermot and Sheelah*.

[1]LETTER V.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things[2] have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to those in Furs, upon whose decision about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse

[1] This Letter Mr. Pope never received. P. Nor did he believe it was ever sent. W.

[2] No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English Constitution, and national Liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope should affirm he never received it.

which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great Minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events, which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, farther than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me[1]: But, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting[2] into order by one sheet at a

[1] Historiographer.

[2] These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But L. Bol. on whose judgment he relied, dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be

time, for I dare not venture any farther, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself (for they contain nothing of present Times or Persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost among Messengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a[3] discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures instead of those from England. This Treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm: He sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two Kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to

false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party writing, though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of the administration, it was a dishonour to just history. It is to be observed that the Treasurer Oxford was the Hero of the story. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that since L. B. did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being.—It has been since published. W.

[3] A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures. P.

outdo his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their Presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: After his trial the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a Special Verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the Author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of Party in the whole Treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and impopular, the trial of the Verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of G--ft-on the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where Party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spi-

rit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of Knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind[4].

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which Politics, and South-sea, and Party, and Operas, and Masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of

[4] This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the Laws, by which civilised societies are governed, can *give no one good quality to the mind*, is making Ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into Ethics, Physics, and Logic. The severer Philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommended the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure, if any human speculations have this effect, they must be those which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under *Ethics*: whether you call the science *Morality* or *Law*. With regard to the Common Law of England, we may justly apply to it what Tully says of the law of the Twelve Tables. "Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen et auctoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate superare." But the best evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its Professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, and the last corrupted. W.

common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a Treatise called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been Author of a Treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a Panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no: but never affected to be a Counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great Ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in Politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Ministers to each other. This might

have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant Succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other Party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: He knows how often I have pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who upon the first change of the Ministry interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil;

> Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the Ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: Which I do not say with any view towards making

my Court: For, the new Principles[5] fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more Ministers of State of all parties than usually happens to men of my level, and, I confess, in their capacity as Ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court otherwise than upon the score of Vanity or Ambition. The first quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel), during all my Lord Oxford's Ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers[6] or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite Party.

[5] He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proscribe the Tories*. W.

[6] The following curious account of Swift's political conduct is given by the respectable Dr. Salter, late Master of the Charterhouse. "Lord Somers recommended Swift at his own very earnest request to Lord Wharton, when that Earl went Lieutenant to Ireland, in 1708, but without success; and the answer Wharton is said to have given was never forgotten or forgiven by Swift; but it seems to have laid the foundation of that peculiar rancour with which he always mentions Lord Wharton. I saw and read two Letters of Jonathan Swift, then prebendary of

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last Ministers were pleased to have for me: And yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant Succession, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence[7], or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress: I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to

St. Patrick's, Dublin, to Lord Somers: the first earnestly entreating his favour, pleading his poverty, and professing the most unalterable attachment to his Lordship's person, friends, and cause; the second acknowledging Lord Somers's kindness in having recommended him; and concluding with the like solemn professions, not more than a year before Swift deserted Lord Somers and all his friends, writing avowedly on the contrary side, and (as he boasts himself) libelling all the junto round. I saw also the very letters which Lord Somers wrote to Lord Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended; and I well remember the short and very smart answer Lord Wharton is said to have given; which as I have observed, Swift never forgave or forgot; it was to this purpose: "Oh, my Lord, we must not prefer or countenance those fellows; we have not character enough ourselves."

[7] The *Examiners*, I suppose, were not then published amongst the Dean's works. W.

run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig[8] in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord-Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that whiggish or fanatical Genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: His Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the

[8] On a moderate computation how many times have *Whigs* and *Tories* changed their principles, or rather their names? When Swift first set out in life, he was as true a Whig as Addison.

great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an Exciseman, a Country-Vicar, a Crier in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill-treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political Principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish Successor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people; for necessity may abolish any Law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore, in great Changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution principle[9], my opinion was this; That whenever those evils, which

[9] A full, short, but solid defence of the principles on which the Revolution was built: as the preceding paragraph contains all that can be sensibly urged in favour of *Hereditary Right*. This topic he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perspicuous light, in the admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man."

usually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a Revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's Expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against Standing Armies in times of Peace. Because I always took Standing Armies to be only servants hired by the Master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived, that a Prince, who could not think himself secure without Mercenary Troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial Necessities which a corrupted Ministry can create, for keeping up Forces to support a Faction against the public Interest.

As to Parliaments[1], I adored the wisdom of that Gothic Institution, which made them annual: and I

[1] When King *William* hesitated about passing the Bill for *triennial* Parliaments (for *annual* seem impracticable, and out of the question), and sent down to Sir *William Temple*, who had retired from public business, to desire he would give him his free opinion on this important measure, Sir *William* dispatched *Swift*, then a young man, and who lived in his house, with a letter to his Majesty, informing him, that the messenger was fully instructed to give him all possible information on the subject. The King listened to *Swift* with patience and attention, and gave his assent to the Bill. As to *extending* the duration of Parliament, in the Reign of George I. Dr. *Johnson* has expressed himself with great emphasis, by saying, "That the sudden introduction of twelve new Peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal; and by no means to be *compared*

was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not that, while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Ministry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of Liberty? which traffic would never answer the design nor expense, if Parliaments met once a Year.

I ever abominated that Scheme of Politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied Interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the Possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, Funds of Credit and South-sea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any Law upon which the Liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this Prac-

with that contempt of *national right*, with which some time afterward, by the instigation of *Whiggism*, the *Commons*, chosen by the *People* for *three* years, chose *themselves* for *seven*."

He should have said at the instigation of some, who *called* themselves *Whigs*. It is in allusion to this sentiment of *Swift*, relating to Parliaments, that Dr. *Stopford*, the learned and amiable Bishop of *Cloyne*, thus expresses himself in a Latin Panegyric on *Swift*. "Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; Libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri Reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus ploravit."

tice hath made the taste of Arbitrary Power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every Rebellion subdued and Plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the Prince: In the latter case, the knot of Conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages: So that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a Minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of Informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a Dictator, during whose administration the Power of other Magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a War near their doors, or some civil Dissention: For Armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their Successors, the most infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: What they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself: neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: For

however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political Catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor; for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which, it seems, had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the spirit of Faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the Ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a Subject nor so stupid an Author, as I have been represented by the virulence of Libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid Productions, which I

am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician[2] to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those Talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth[3].

[2] Swift, in one sentence only, of his admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and nonresistance. "Many of the Clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the Supreme Magistrate is properly understood the Legislative Power, which in all Governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word *Magistrate*, seeming to denote a *single* person, and to express the *executive* Power, it came to pass that obedience due to the Legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the *Administration*."

[3] The following is a curious Letter from Erasmus Lewis, Esq. to Dr. Swift, concerning the last Ministers of Queen Anne.

"Sir,

"I never differed from you, in my opinion, in any point so much as in your proposals to accommodate matters between the dragon and his quondam friends. I will venture to go so far with you, as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his petitesses, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But since they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcass, than that he should now tamely submit to those, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could suggest and tongues to utter. Have not Charteris, Brinsden, and all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for Lady Masham, and think her best way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure she has not produced such monsters as Lord Bolingbroke

LETTER VI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England: there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep,

and his companion, probably the Lord Chancellor Harcourt or the Bishop of Rochester. The last openly avows he never had obligations to the dragon, loads him with ten thousand crimes; though his greatest, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What should they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the Queen alive again? Can Lady Masham hereafter make any figure, but be a *persona muta* in a drama? If the dragon declares against the Man of Mercury, he may strike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably arise; but with him he never can be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that however I may, for my private satisfaction, desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to Ireland to qualify yourself, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the King keeps some Tories in employment, the notion of Whig and Tory will be lost; but that of Court and Country will arise. The Regency has declared in favour of the Whigs in Ireland. I believe Mr. Thomas will stand his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the Civil List. We have no appearance that any attempt will be formed by the Pretender."

which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your cholic: do you drink bad wine or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not always *Et tibi quos mihi dempserit Apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealing with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect

upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why Poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe Porters and Footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all Courts have a sameness in them (as the Parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time[1], when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been useful in Elections, and there was always a huge List of names in arrears at the Treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I

[1] At what period of time, in English History, was not this the case, and true state of things?

am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the Successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn Parson and get a Bishopric here: Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I FIND a rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of Friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given[a]) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as

[a] Alluding to his large work on Homer. W.

were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished: after both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of Rochester[3]. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another[4]. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with); he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General[5]: and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and

[3] Dr. Atterbury. W.

[4] The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return, was his banishment: an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. W.

[5] This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he says——"When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great General in Spain; [Lord Peterb.] I told him I would by all means have that General recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army or do any other business."—*Lett.* V. *Sept.* 9, 1706. W.

among all sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any Party; but at the same time the Observation and Experience I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violence and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with), and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use—the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse

with Poets and Scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me: and as there is no great need of Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LETTER VIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge. You will do the same on your part; and I,

and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: you resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sun-shine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are

such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any Party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from the pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no History of our own country, till that body of it, which you promise to finish, appears[6].

I am under no apprehension that a glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my Philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perauctus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere*

[6] See the first note on Let. V. of this Vol. W.

non possim. The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize. In driving me out of Party they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of Titles and Rank and Estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will

be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, September 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more

miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi,* unless a Poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your Merit; in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendship are new to me[7]; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my Friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Penny-worths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scribblers I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be so called in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence

[7] Yet they are the Christian notions. W.

and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita solutorum, etc.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Operas, and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, etc.

LETTER X.

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France.

Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man), but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels[8] I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own Territories[9,1]. I mean no more Translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own

[8] Gulliver. W.

[9] The Essay on Man. W.

[1] This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work; and is so obscure a hint that Swift certainly could not guess at the subject written 1725.

mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleased with one another, I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one another; you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he wou'd give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my[2] Travels[3], in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a Printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and

[2] Gulliver's Travels. W.

[3] These Travels and the Tale of a Tub are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift. It is remarkable that he never would own himself to be the author of the latter; nor is the slightest hint of it to be found in any of his writings. I have very lately been authentically informed, that Swift used to be mortified at Sir William Temple's frequent censure and contempt of burlesque writings; and was much hurt at the last paragraph of Sir William's first Essay in his Miscellanea; where he says, "I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all Honour and Virtue, as well as Learning and Piety, may have no worse effect on any State; it is the itch of our age and climate; and has overrun both the Court and the Stage, enters the House of the Lords and Commons, as boldly as a Coffee-house; debates of Council as well as private conversation; and I have known in my life, more than one or two ministers of State, that would rather have said a witty thing, than have done a wise one; and made the Company laugh, rather than the kingdom rejoice."

dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with Translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all Nations, Professions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for instance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: 'tis so with Physicians (I will not speak of my own Trade,) Soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man[4], although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell), and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Misanthropy (tho' not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of

[4] A sentiment that dishonours him, as a Man, a Christian, and a Philosopher! as indeed did his conduct towards Miss Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty to Mrs. Johnson: which cannot be palliated nor pardoned.

mind, till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you describe to live at Court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a Court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then she is a most damnable Party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible Affliction to me, who

by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin Blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never succeeded at Court, though Railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, altho' so much paper is left. I have an ill Name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much Youth and vigour left (of which he hath not been thrifty), but I wonder he has no more Discretion.

LETTER XII.

October 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content, with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conscience into the bargain (which is the most Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal).

I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where having endeavoured to correct the Taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In ——'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for Wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that Lady whom I described to you; and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved Mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of

us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former Passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Just, in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging Angel of wrath, to break your Vial of Indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world: nay, would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles[5] [6]) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my Ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter

[5] This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthrophy in the foregoing Letter; and which he supposed, might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for *Rochefoucault*, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of a universal selfishness in human nature. W.

[6] "Who is the great *Philosopher*," says *Addison*, "for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless, part of mankind."

as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu—what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Christian is an Infidel
That sitteth in a Pew.

LETTER XIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before the letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that Parsons and Beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament *(sub sigillo confessionis)* that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there

were an Hospital built for its Despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn Parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast Beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating Ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey, of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys, like you, talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my Disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f--ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is

vous autres who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with —than I was with the Kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him[7]; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations.—Take care the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your Verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame[8], 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, etc.

[7] This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. W.

[8] "I desire Fame," says a certain Philosopher: "Let this occur: if I act well I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance; and what is all the rest to me?"

LETTER XIV.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction: Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scribblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius[9], that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

[9] Or Pope with *Tibbald*, *Concanen*, and *Smedley*, &c.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a Piss-pot[1], than by a thunderbolt. As to greater Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiscreet: the Dr. not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine.* Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being child-

[1] Here is one of those vulgar and disgusting images on which our Author too much delighted to dwell. Dr. Delany, from his partiality to Swift, is of opinion, that the Dean caught his love of gross and filthy objects from Pope. The contrary seems to be the fact. One would think this love contagious; see two passages in the *View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy*, Letter II. pages 67 and 120.

ish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than Yours, etc.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philosophers; if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect[2], that noble Original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble[3], was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*,

[2] Very different is the opinion that Lord Shaftesbury has given of Seneca, the person here alluded to. "It is not," says he finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the style and manner, of this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions: we own the Patriot and good Minister: but we reject the Writer. Where a universal Monarchy was actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned; he surely must have been esteemed a Guardian Angel, who, as a Prime Minister, could, for several years, turn the very worst of Courts, and worst-conditioned of all Princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a Minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero." —*Characteristics*, vol. iii. p. 23.

[3] Seneca. W.

will not bear examination: define but Reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontif *Cotta;* between *mala ratio,* and *bona ratio.* But enough of this: make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to Philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, etc. B.

LETTER XV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least Transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than you stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health: which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same

although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: this I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XVI.

August 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopped off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your Idea must be joined with 'em; nor

see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a Phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester. I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a Deanry or a Horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her: so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you,

I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras*, etc. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age give me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

September 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise, believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir — who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those

wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short List of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loses Money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she[4] that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of

[4] The Dutchess of Marlborough.

people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. ** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,——)

I am, and ever shall be, Yours, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

November 17, 1726.

About ten days ago a Book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more di-

verting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author: but I am told, the Bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man[5]. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her

[5] It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: and, as little, that a corrupt or worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice. W.

foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the Author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the Church say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other Critics, they think the flying islands is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of

variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima;* which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furthest. But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princess is cloathed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the Weavers. We are strangely surprized to hear that the Bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo[6], and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

[6] By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole Letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work.

LETTER XIX.

November 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other[7], like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active and assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for 'em.—I congratulate you first upon what you call your Cousin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophecy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some indeed think it rather too bold, and too gene-

[7] This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in passing a bridge was overturned and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces; a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously. W.

ral a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are desirous to apply Satire to those they envy for being above them); so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your Present to the Princess. The Irish stuff[8] you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time

[8] The Dean at this time courted the Princess, and was in hopes of getting his Irish Deanery changed for some preferment in England. But the Ministry were afraid to bring him on this side the water. Sir Robert Walpole dreaded his abilities. I once heard a person, high in office, express his wonder that Ministers should much regard what writers said of them, and how they represented them. I answered him only by reading a passage in Lord Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author. Characteristics, vol. i. p. 225.

to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate towards you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely, I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H—'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had

not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second volume observed several passages, which appear to be patched and altered,[9] and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken). Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least[1]; others, you tell me, the Flying Island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in Prison for a Plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journies very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty thousand Lies sooner than he can fifty Fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office, it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a Parson

[9] This was the fact, which was complained of and redressed in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works. W.

[1] Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society*. W.

who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man: and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the Ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewel till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the Parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the Archbishop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotch-man. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice.——Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet

a rascally Groom shall gallop a foundred horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses[2], I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will

[2] A just character of Swift's poetry, as well as his prose, is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, "The Rogue never hazards a figure."

send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise Riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the most solemn that ever were seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, Dissentis.*

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

Mr. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint-volume, in which, methinks, we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon said, and above all of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I should not care to be one of the Twelve-thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookseller would fain have printed them before the second Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry; *Non nostrum est, Tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twit'nam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own

part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very aukward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this: she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vext at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

October 2, 1727.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you

well in every circumstance of life; that 'tis almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness; I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I don't find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less

sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than to go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends

be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pound rather than plague myself with

accompts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court, till you do so too.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse, or a strong gale, a man

may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some Philosophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practised it. In answer I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking of you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: you pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuits I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Physicians. When you talked of Cups and impresssions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I

am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor Mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; but if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride; witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging Presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of these letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well,

said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

October 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting[1]; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my best excuses by a Letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition.—You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly.—I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but

[1] This appointment was treated by all the friends of *Gay*, as a great indignity; and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely, and was too much dejected on the occasion.

my Opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of Traitors, our Friends and Admirers)—my Poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in: your name is in it, with some others under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
> Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I've said of you in the Poem[2]. Adieu.

[2] We see by this, with what judgment Mr. Pope corrected and erased. W.

LETTER XXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper——I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known Courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First[3], in the trite old maxim of a Minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now why does not Pope publish his Dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward—Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency; or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

[3] Let every expectant of preferment, in Church and State, carefully attend to, and remember, these *five* reflections of a man well versed in Courts.

I bought your Opera to-day for sixpence[4], a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve: it is in the *grand gout*.

We are all as full of it *pro modulo nostro* as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the Lord-Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Mackheath[5], when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a Successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the Opera, of the applause of the song *That was level'd at me*, when two great Ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at Courts, and bid Ministers——

Ever preserve some spice of the Alderman, and

Some of those songs that contained the severest satire against the Court were written by Pope; particularly,

"Thro' all the employments of Life,"—

and also,

"Since Laws were made," &c.

[4] A hint that might have been worked up with much humour: as was the quarrel of *Locket* and *Peachum*.

prepare against Age and Dulness, and Sickness, and Coldness or Death of Friends. A Whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed Poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's Messo-tinto[6]. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and University lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir——the trouble of a letter: when Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulli-

[6] This was Miss *Lavinia Fenton*. She afterward became Dutchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong good sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made; though she could not be called a beauty. I had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord *Bathurst*, and Lord *Granville*. Quin thought the success of this Opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of *Mackheath*, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till *Polly* sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words

"For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the Air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the Lover who afterward married her.

ver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the Ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his[7] *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his Patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin). Dear Swift, take care of your health; I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better *à la Bruyere. Nourisser bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais*[8]*: laisser rouiller l' ésprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux:*

[7] The Dunciad. W.

[8] The whole of this pleasant receipt is taken from the Lutrin of Boileau.

laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l' Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné. As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a Gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocrasy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British Journalist: so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our most abstruse studies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majesty's Waterman),

that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to 'em. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller hath travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand

pounds[9]; he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the rest of the world. As for those Scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name *The Dunciad,*) how much that nest of Hornets are my regard will easily appear to you, when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) *in consuetudine Studiorum.* Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other Ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and

[9] Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. Lewis advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest: Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence,

——*fecistis probe,*
Incertior sum multo, quam dudum. W.

humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: your deafness would agree with my Dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that, though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the

happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of these insects,

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows[1], it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles,

[1] It did, in a little time, effectually silence them. W.

which in things of great importance would have been matter for Historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for constant diet before Partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go with them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life

in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who hath been my *W—lp—le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*——there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do

with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper: and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister—Your long letter was the last I received, till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr. told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries I am easy enough in great matters, and have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly described them to you, but when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much

as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: if I were five-and-twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or restraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty; so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with

your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that his scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and Economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c, and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum,* and Notes *Variorum.* As to the latter, I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best[a]; whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial Critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man; I am troubled about him very much.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages: and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of

[a] Dr. Swift did so. W.

the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the Poem, that the Persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your Asterisks filled up with some real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, etc. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor should not follow the old style of, This excellent author, etc. and refine in many places where you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at

your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most intemperate Man Godward, and the most temperate your self-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and Cullibility. He hath as little fore-sight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from Exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless You, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of Mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a Philosopher—and Gay is a Slave just by two thousand pounds too little—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I HAVE past six weeks in quest of health and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland: from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir A—'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude (though I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse;

and, I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing further how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every stick you plant, and every stone you lay is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am so Atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I LIVED very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong: with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve[3], whom I

[3] He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of *Cowley*, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to be a Wit and a Poet, it was so unassuming and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a strenuous Whig, to the

loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight upon my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only

favour of Lord Oxford. It is remarkable, that on its first publication, Congreve thought the *Tale of a Tub* gross and insipid. Swift, in a copy of Verses to Dr. Delany, speaks thus of Congreve's fortune and situation:

Thus, Congreve spent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd his station
To be Mecœnas of the Nation,
For Poets open tables kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy tho' they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A Shilling to discharge his Chair;
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's Fire to Party Zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every Dunce alive.

This picture is unfair and overcharged; for the honour of Government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income.

wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured Physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with every body——Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord——who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, etc. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope was as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust——I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of this enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his Tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or

worse verses either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper[4], for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Minister, have suffered an Act to pass through the H. of C——s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L——s to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the Qualification-Bill relating to Pensioners. It should seem to me, that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play a small game to set the beasts here a madding, merely for want of better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim, etc.*— The D—— take those politics, where a Dunce might

[4] Entitled, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.* W.

govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the Dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *Oh mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the Gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat; and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss: I have likewise seen a Monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it would be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart: I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Economy than that it is the parent of Liberty and Ease, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends other-

wise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim[5], that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have Money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabbs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at Backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be Ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari;* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some Modern.

[5] I am afraid that he had money as much in his *heart* as his *head*. As he advanced in years he grew shamefully parsimonious.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, " that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity: for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he pro-

ceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the Era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walking ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epistola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finished my Letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great Library always makes me melancholy[6], where the best Author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of

[6] In *Montesquieu's Persian Letters*, there is an admirable one upon this subject.

Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke,) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of Spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, etc. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talk'd very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year: so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country[7], there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate

[7] There are many acute and new observations on the state of Ireland, in *Berkeley's Querist;* by which he appears to be as great a *Patriot* and *Politician*, as in his other works he is a *Philosopher* and *Divine*.

more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a Philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, (if she be still alive,) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude: for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part so heartily dis-

posed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a Gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.*[8] and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble ser-

[8] He gained, we see, a considerable sum by his writings. Enough has been said of Milton's selling his *Paradise Lost* for ten pounds. Tonson gave Dryden only two hundred and fifty guineas for ten thousand verses to make up the volume of his Fables. It may be of use to inform young adventurers, that Thomson sold his *Winter* to Millan for only three guineas. He gained but little more for his *Summer*. The year after, when he rose in reputation, 1728, Andrew Millar gave him fifty guineas for his *Summer*. This was his first connexion with Thomson, whom he ever afterward honoured and assisted if called upon. Dr. Young received of Dodsley two hundred guineas for the three first *Night Thoughts*. Dr. Akenside one hundred and twenty guineas for his *Pleasures of Imagination*; and Mallet the same sum for his *Amyntor and Theodora*. Some modern Booksellers behave to authors with much liberality and generosity.

vice to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no Lady at Court. God bless you for being a greater Dupe than I; I love that character too myself, but want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

October 9, 1729.

It pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the Commentary, etc. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: if in any particular any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You'll find the Octavo rather more correct than the Quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You

think more for me and about me than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Don't be angry; I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this last summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur*—

Poor Mrs. * is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court-Lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a Court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a Courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age support-

able. Both of us have closed the tenth Lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the Farce. Might not my life[9] be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce?* some Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your Hero. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne[1] does something like it in

[9] Bolingbroke is reported in a Letter written to *Pouilly* to have said, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men living fit to reign." Voltaire, in the xiith volume of his Letters, denies this anecdote: and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disoit à ses compagnons la plus fameuse Catin de Londres: Mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est declaré aujourdhui Secretaire d'Etat; sept mille guinées de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears, by *Voltaire's* Letters, vol. i. p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at *La Source* near *Orleans*, with Lord *Bolingbroke*; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the *Henriade*, and received from him the highest commendations.

[1] Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature, as this old Prater.

one of his Rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered: and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say, you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom (which is sometimes the reason and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his Entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire Fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propose Fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names: and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own; I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love, into your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes.* But now whether we consider Fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether

we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardor. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us: towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you,

as ever they did on any man who lived to be old: and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you: she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten Lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter: it is you were my Hero, but

the other[2] never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him[3], in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it than yours: for, I declare yours was *unie*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-seven[4] years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its name, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation—only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not so rich. And yet,

[2] Lord Oxford. W.

[3] This is a remarkable sentence; as it conveys a depreciating idea of Lord *Oxford*, whom we had imagined *Swift* preferred to *Bolingbroke*.

[4] The year of Queen Anne's death. W.

my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred Witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living* (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind: and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanery? I could almost wish the experiment was tried——No, God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But in the mean time, do not brag; Retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his Lordly Latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera:* I wish you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to), but I cannot endure that *Otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My Lord, what I would have said of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn

to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at the most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D —— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER XLII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little

ready money. It is thought[6] there are not two hundred thousand pounds in specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our Absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was, of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.

[6] This is a very melancholy picture of the state of Ireland, and it must be hoped does not resemble that kingdom in its present state.

LETTER XLIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

November 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted

when another faculty[6] of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no

[6] Viz. *Reason.* Tully (to whom the letter-writer seems to allude) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he says, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adsensio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause* of the slippery nature of this assent, which the Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer *reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his Lordship's *first Philosophy* (where this whole matter is explained at large), it came at last into the hands of the Public. W.

matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original[7]. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

November 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a Wit[8]. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the

[7] *Essay on Man.* W.
On which, therefore, it appears, he was employed in 1729.

[8] He used to value himself on this particular. W.

other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations!

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse: then cries, "We wise men "must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity: all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another[o], whose concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther. *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*—etc.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, etc. for you know I disapprove Irish politics (as my Commentator tells you), being a

[o] His Mother's. W.

strong and jealous subject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It's certain, as he can never expect any favour[1], his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, yet would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England.—It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be un-attended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: The natural imbecility of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you.

[1] He was mistaken in this. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. W.

My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherly; some letters of whom (by the bye) and of mine the Booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours[2]. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing in it for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they easily may, if the underlings at the Post-office please to take a copy of it). I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever; manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would, do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.——I will fully represent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, etc. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before

[2] See the occasion in the second and third Paragraphs of the Preface to the first Volume of Letters. W.

at you, for complaining to Mr. * of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole Life (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you know, I am no enemy to the present Constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any Minister in or out of employment whatever, or any Bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkley, and Mr. Hutchenson, in that place. To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this pacquet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers, of Scripture: even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me! I therefore think it some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence.

I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public[3], so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, etc. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Historians and Poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber.—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me,

[3] A just and sensible criticism on Epistolary writings, which we should bear in our minds whilst we are reading this collection of Letters.

if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over (and she is better within these few weeks), I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

LORD B. TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 17, 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same.

Would to God you was within her reach! She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the Books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best Botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet

there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits; a real reformation[4] is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: National corruption[5] must be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

[4] Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his Philosophical works, intending to depreciate Christianity by shewing that it has not had a general effect on the morals of mankind, nor produced a real Reformation:—an argument nothing to the purpose, nor any impeachment of the Doctrines of the Gospel; even if it were well founded, as it certainly is not.

[5] France affords a striking example of this truth.

LETTER XLVII.

LORD B. TO DR. SWIFT.

March 29.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates,) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says

Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for myself, but I must tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more[6] every hour of my life:

[6] She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a very beautiful person, and very agreeable manners. Her letters are written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much observation. Madame de *Maintenon* mentions her in her letters. Dr. *Trapp* told me that Lord Bo-

death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.——You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old Philosophers, which were the presents, Munuscula, that Stoical Fop Seneca used to send in every Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made

lingbroke boasting one day of his former gallantries, she said to him, smiling, "When I look at you, methinks I see the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceased to flow."

some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book[7], to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am

Yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I

[7] He means his Essay on Man; and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their *present* state, without looking to another. Young wrote his Night Thoughts in direct opposition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable.

am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully, as I think it is, render all your Metaphysical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. * the Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations[8], etc.

[8] In this maxim all *bigoted Divines* and *free-thinking Politicians* agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established Religion; the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of the state. And would they be content to take these points for granted themselves, without injuring those, in their fortunes and reputation, who are for inquiring into, and settling them on, their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their *piety* or their *wisdom*: but when they begin to persecute those who venture to assume this natural liberty, then they unmask their hypocrisy and Machivelianism. W.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: he was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left me with eight dissertations[9], a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are

[9] The work here alluded to, was the first volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation examined with Candour;" published 1732: a work written in a very florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity, than of sound reason and argument. Witness, the first Dissertation on the forbidden Fruit; the second, concerning the Knowledge of the Brute World conveyed to Adam: the third, of the Knowledge of Marriage given to Adam: the sixth, concerning the Difficulties and Objections that lie against the Mosaic Account of the Fall: the fifteenth, on some Difficulties relating to Noah's Ark considered. The same may be said of this Author's *Life of King David*. The best of his works seem to be his *Reflections on Polygamy*. Dr. Delany was an amiable, a benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer. His defence of Revelation is of a very different cast from such solid and masterly works as the Bishop of Landaff's *Apology for the Bible*, and Archdeacon Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*.

true: the first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Free-man.—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of 'em I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it: yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politics, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but Satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health: it is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a

taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of Party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ——'s Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkley's[1], though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad Populum*, is, I think, purely *ad Clerum*. Adieu.

[1] A very lively and ingenious book, called, *The Minute Philosopher*. W.

A book that deserves a much higher encomium than being *lively* and *ingenious*; as containing, perhaps, a stronger defence of *Revelation* than the *Divine Legation of Moses*.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY,

FROM THE YEAR 1729 TO 1732[1].

LETTER XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general Toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the manage-

[1] Found among Mr. Gay's Papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope. P.

ment of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good: but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a year more for horses—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Embassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre:* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the Stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulcra filia pulcrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr.

Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidential fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200*l.* next summer in France; I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope se-

riously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better Genius's than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub Libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig-printer: it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know—But my paper is ended.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season, I take the Country to be only a scheme for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not ac-

companied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner[2] their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret[3], since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servants, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I

[2] Namely by patronising *Gay*.

[3] The lines which he quoted from Homer, on his death-bed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the Peace, were as happily applied, as the apology he used to Swift, for some harsh measures in Ireland;

——*Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri.——

hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest Folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannon or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the DUCHESS.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your Duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all Ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages[4] before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was need-

[4] He means Queen *Caroline;* and her neglect of *Gay*, which recommended him to the Duchess of Queensbury.

less: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, etc. like other Treasurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, etc.——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.——But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your

Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good Character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty barrs length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of

you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the Parson of the parish play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For, I profess, you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714[5], and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excuseable in a Chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your Waiting-women.——Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you

[5] The day on which Queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were lost.

will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, etc.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers: but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he also was a Papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost

all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the Duchess in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles, besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you charitable, and such a cully, and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: if you like Mrs. —— why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you

for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say[6], Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there be no room for me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring you 300*l. per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink——provided you live in the country——— Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconsistent without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of

[6] There is exquisite humour and pleasantry in the affected bluntness of this letter, and the elegant compliments paid under the appearance of rudeness. *Voiture* has nothing more delicate. Waller's to Saccharissa on her marriage, is in the same strain, and is a masterpiece of panegyric under the appearance of satire.

your women (whichever it is that has designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letter hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them who had an inkling of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER LIV.

[It is thought proper to subjoin the very last Letter our Author ever wrote to Dr. Swift.]

DEAREST SIR, May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find, that several of my Letters to testify it to you, miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, enquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the King's stables and dogs, &c. his Lady's son-in-law being Governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my Lord, at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is Abbess of a Royal Convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set

upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they are varied from, or approach to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the Queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so in regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom: but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttelton for the other; who was more prompt to catch, than I to give fire, and flew to the Prince that instant, who was as pleased to please me.

You ask me how I am at Court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no Court. The [7]Prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them: I am very well with the Courtiers I ever was, or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from Courtiers, and all a wise man

[7] His late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.

will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men: whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth[8], a Mr. Murray[9], and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose: and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnal*, verse 300, add these:

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother, at his back;
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of those blind puppies, as of those.
Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Osborne*, stupified to stone;

[8] Now Earl of Marchmont.

[9] The late Lord Chief Justice.

And needful *Parton*[1] tells the world with tears,
These are, ah! no; these were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better, as to head-aches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer, I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all these rambles, my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why can-

[1] A Solicitor, who procured and paid those writers. Mr. Pope's MS. note. The line is now changed;

And monumental brass this record bears,
These are, &c.

not I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with Lord Peterborow about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift to me; he can tell you more of me.

LETTER LV.

August 28, 1731.

You and the Duchess use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, such as an English Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour[2]. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the Whole Duty of Servants in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy[3].—I be-

[2] *Wagstaff's Dialogues of Polite Conversation*, published in his life-time. W.

[3] An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to Servants in general*, has been published since his death. W.

lieve no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England; I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: a Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly his character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year——Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace——Lo, here comes in the Duchess again (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my Art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said——Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drilled away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of Justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your

Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental[4]; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see[5].

[4] As were the subjects of the *Lutrin*, and *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Dispensary*.

[5] His ludicrous prediction was since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. W.

LETTER LVI.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock: and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teazed with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don "Quixote! Queens held his horse, and Duchesses "pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, etc. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him

to command his Palace. *Nam istos reges cæteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vaporing after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool.—I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead[6]. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and Lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected; and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

[6] This has been published, and is among the best of his poems. W.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my Pride would be always able to preserve me from Vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work: and I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for Your Consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Duchess, ever since you met, hath been most politickly employed in encreasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for

so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect,

My Lord,
Your Grace's most obedient, etc.

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sate up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am,

Madam,
Your Grace's most obedient, etc.

LETTER LVII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

December 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me

now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells

me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall some time or other see an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500*l.* Mr. Pelham, 500*l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l.* Gen. Hill, 500*l.* Lord Massam's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only satisfaction of distant friends)!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they

mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady —— took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.——Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop; or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are larger Parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it[7]. I am

[7] The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic. W.

happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stoop'd to treat one another; surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, etc. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, etc. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing[8], you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less Admirers, and greater Reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of Being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminish'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my Mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, etc. If greater pains arrive (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am just now as well as when you

[8] This was said whilst he was employed on the Essay on Man not yet published, 1731.

was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.——All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER LVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting-place, *(experto crede)* save elevenpence, and get a half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces

in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your Great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do: as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your mo-

tions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the Vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for Roaches or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will shew this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredith's father last night in my Cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society,

if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a Moral first and studied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels arise in armies by a long War, wherein I supposed the Lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Ass a Colonel, etc. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: but, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the Court, are the diffi-

culties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings; but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health——and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Duchess ——and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchess have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your Inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect,

and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la Bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you! If the Duchess be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better established upon your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in this letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months hath not been able

perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invincible Lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a bratt in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, etc.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, August 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea[9] should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the

[9] Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South-sea scheme. And there was a print by *Hogarth*, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for a figure of Gay; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young Duke of Cumberland. To such subjects, it is to be wished that Hogarth had always confined the powers of his pencil. "His *Sigismunda*," says Mr. Walpole, "is a maudlin strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. And as to his scene from Milton, *Hell* and *Death* have lost their terrors; and *Sin* is divested of all powers of temptation."

way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum Copia.* Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would enquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books!

I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the DUCHESS.

Madam,

I was the most unweary creature in the world[1], when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you,

[1] One of the last, and most elegant compliments, which this singular Lady, after having been celebrated by so many former Wits and Poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his Works, p. 65, which compliment turns with a happy propriety, on the peculiar circumstance of her Grace's having never changed her dress, according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

Say, shall a Bard in these late times,
Dare to address his trivial rhymes
To her whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every Bard, who breath'd a lay
Of happier vein, was fond to choose
The Patroness of every Muse?

Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's severe esteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence should receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve?

upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious), what I said to the ——, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of act-

He will; and boldly say in print
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint,
Who told him that the present scene
Of dress and each preposterous fashion,
Flow'd from supineness in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That women were oblig'd to try
All stratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the fair—
This may be true—but have a care;
Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own assertion, and my song,
Whose beauty, undisguis'd by art,
Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

ing a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too Discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent Lady be who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of

me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, etc. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hour's conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson, and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were god-mother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most obedient, etc.

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, October 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who re-

gards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.——I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, much less to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not; and besides I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post-Offices, that since Wit and Learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor Dulness and Ignorance ever

so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you'll hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying; That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am sure, your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill-taste for Wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in

such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand.——You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury, with a great load of Merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the Lady who wished she could give the best living, etc. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same Lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose Dupe he was, as well as of her

Waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain

Your Grace's, etc.

LETTER LXII.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy affect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have ordered by my Will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti.* As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon; they consist of little

accidental things written in the country; family amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and called it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one half-penny: and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—'s Preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in Verse a Libel on Dr. D— and Lord Carteret; a letter to D. D— on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a sto-

len Copy)[1]: the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen Copy); the Plea of the Damn'd (a stolen Copy); all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect Family-things[2], two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young Clergymen whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same thought. This young Man[3] is the most hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D—is one of his Patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

[1] A very excellent name for such sort of familiar verses, which never rise above daily topics, and the *chat* of the times. The greatest part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not of any work of the Dean's that can be strictly called *poetical*. Our *Bards* of this species are numerous.

[3] His name was Pilkington, and he was husband of the lady who wrote memoirs of her own life.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four shilling Volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess[4]. Nay I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. — who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and, I believe, the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having

[4] Polite Conversation.

the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or health.

LETTER LXIII.

*MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

December 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest tyes I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.——Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some Misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.] P.

those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shewn, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your

health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, etc.

ARBUTHNOT.

LETTER LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this Kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair

edition under your inspection. Your Poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces, of the same bulk, to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.——Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service; he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall

deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often Postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER LXV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

It is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensbury will set up

at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy[6] (which our poor friend gave to the play-house the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings; (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d' Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be deny'd is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and

[6] It was entitled, *The Wife of Bath*; in truth it is but an indifferent Comedy. The second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first: particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable; which read like party-pamphlets.

teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last Volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D——, and the best Panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a Parody[7] from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

[7] Sat. i. Lib. ii. W.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present Work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst[8] is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who shew their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for Poetry, and their boundless Hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an answer to that point), and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sen-

[8] He himself, we see, calls this piece a *Letter*, not a *Dialogue*, as it was afterwards entitled.

sible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him inclosed in the common way, as I do to you: innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give 'em free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable; my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands: it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: the whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. ——Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critic, in your absence, to be my *Chef d'Œuvre*:

but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of Satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left, succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

LETTER LXVI.

April 2, 1733.

You say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thoughts of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully: whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and

that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well): upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers, and Spies, etc. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: they will consist more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord *'s performance?

they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints[9], and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem[1], in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your Collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have translated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, housekeeping, etc. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, etc. Courts I see

[9] At this time there was a great outcry among all the Courtiers, against the keenness of his Satires.

[1] The ironical Libel on Dr. Delany. W.

not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs,) ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your Letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself.* It was reprinted here, and dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impostor says in his Dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine

Copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this Imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your Ill-nature in not letting the honest Villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness; and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that

of all men living you are the most happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general Villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching;*

the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe Critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The Collection you speak of is this. A Printer[2] came to me to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered they could, if the Partners agreed. He said, he "would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," etc. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it

[2] George Faulkner, of Dublin, who printed these four volumes of his works.

be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My Vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, etc. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest Earnestness and Truth.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the Printer that spurious

piece, called, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person "who published it, had assured him the Dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking: though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: it will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry and sin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you

give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER LXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentle-

men out of Employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year; Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who had just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at the two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts

of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace, without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and

yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER LXX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or dis-relished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the ex-

cessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming poets, digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is not affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people

who are (at last) like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come[3], which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal, that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in Politics and Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER LXXI.

Jan. 6th, 1734.

I NEVER think of you and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked: the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by Death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by Absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your Works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here published) my Epistle to Lord

[3] This is a remarkable paragraph. At this time therefore, 1733, he and Bolingbroke were of the *same sentiment* in Religion as well as Politics.

Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord: his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter; I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and I think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality[4] as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are Pests to private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to

[4] Which however he afterward broke through in 1738.

men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when
can: if ever I can come to you, I will: if not,
r Providence be our friend and our guard through
simple world, where nothing is valuable, but
se and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health
nd your years, and then may many years be
ed to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious Lady
nds to write to you to pump you about some
ms said to be yours. Pray tell her that you have
answered me on the same questions, and that I
ll take it as a thing never to be forgiven from
, if you tell another what you have concealed
n me.

LETTER LXXII.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man
new, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I
r (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your
t letter) that you did not quite understand the rea-
n of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded
olly from the tender kindness I bear you. When
heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot
ne up to it; and you are now the man in all the
rld I am most troubled to write to, for you are
friend I have left whom I am most grieved about.
ath has not done worse to me in separating poor

Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other (though our own souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these Friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that Witlings feed, and it is hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judg-

ment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland: I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely drest, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philosopher,

till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see[5], and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing); if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the Nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume.

[5] After reading this passage, can it be believed that Pope did not know the real principles of Bolingbroke?

But he thinks me fonder of the name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale et me ama.*

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my Lord B——'s Postscript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well of; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your

want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his Postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I

would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, How a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure encreased: on the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: it saves your money and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwells always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journies this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort

you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall re-unite us: but he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you: you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my Morals, as I've been long ago, of my Wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow.

Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress towards the point to which Providence has pinned us: but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the Universe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write (either to him or me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual. . . .

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

May 12, 1736.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations[6] (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my

[6] The Dean was frequently troubled, as he tells us, with a *giddiness* in his head. W.

But all who held this language were not *giddy*. The Editor might have read the Preface to *Hammond's* Elegies, written by his patron Lord *Chesterfield*.

Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a letter imputed to Lord B. called a Dissertation upon Parties[7]. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

[7] The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a stile equally spirited and elegant.

One of the severest attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the Dedication prefixed to this Dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the *Craftsman*, were collected into one volume, octavo. After the many things that have been said for and against his long Ministry, his want of skill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs, was most frequently repeated. In a Letter written 1776, the King of Prussia affirms expressly, that Walpole used to say, "I leave Europe to my brother; and reserve only England to myself."

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the Printer who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendship: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me ex-

pect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose, as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Revenues.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him[s].

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops, and a disgrace to one Bishop, two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: no Body can be more wasted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a

[s] But was the Author of such a Tragedy as the *Siege of Damascus* one of the *mediocribus*? *Swift* and *Pope* seem not to recollect the *value* and the *rank* of an Author who could write *such* a *Tragedy*. May I venture, on this occasion, to give a little table of the different sorts of Poets, ranged in order according to their merits?—Writers of *occasional* and *miscellaneous* Family-things, and *tea-table Miscellanies*; writers of *Pastorals*; of *Epistles*; of *Satires*; of *didactic* Poems; of *Odes*; of *Tragedies*; of *Epic* Poems.

man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner-case; on the outer I have put this inscription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, etc. etc. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit,* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects[9] which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vainglorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you, and I repine not at my lot,

[9] Idiots. W.

could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curl, etc. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting. Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your Philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise, I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: my best

way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? methinks, I am enquiring after a Tulip of last year.—— "You need not apprehend any Curls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my Executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so.

I am ever, dearest Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

February 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have Time[1], Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even

[1] All these last letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect, and temper, and strength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignation*, into *torpor*, into *insanity!*

to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-call their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni, etc.* You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscar-

ried——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving; for youth is the season of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any jobb done by him for any deserving friend.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

February, 1735-6.

It is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant

as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town, who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray, be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain: and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a Poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What

vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was; which I can prove by Arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can about that report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheseldon is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments which always had some established Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25, 1736.

If ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and limits of Human Reason and Science.

2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application and Use of Different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have

reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole professsion of Chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.——I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his Genius: whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of: nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me: but gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ.* For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace

and wit than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you say of your Letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my Executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and pacquetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tied up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: no mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more, I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that sense I expect

you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of Poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity: but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to Verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of Morality, in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of Friends was a Tax upon long life: it need not be very long, since you have so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B.'s Genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.— Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolutely disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting

walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day: and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER LXXXIII.

August 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love: and I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicisme; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary Epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either

can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great Geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if

all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my Works, the Universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present Age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess: may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present: tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean

that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnel, etc. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: in short, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past: neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. ——May my friends be happy in this and a better

life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity when I consider from what Monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: this is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet, my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales.——My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I use to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.——I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality; and, I assure you, my

acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings: and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO DR. SWIFT.

December 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper,

you shall not have much of my Pity: but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. "But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curl has obtained from Ireland two letters (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, to you, which

we wrote in the year 1723); and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost (Wit as well as Money) to these needy poetical readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems in the whole turn of his letters to be a settled and principled Philosopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new Friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room[2]; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, with-

[2] There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the Author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities); and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. W.

out my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance[3], of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of Independency, and Contempt of Corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years

[3] Some of these new friends were, I know, displeased at the manner in which they are mentioned in this Letter.

hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have inter-married, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater,

is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the Physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, etc. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of a future recovery and Virtue. These look up to you, with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much Love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; w .o publish them with all their Imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old

house-keeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

It is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of

reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if Nature and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed: but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: but I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends; yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends; however, what I have, are not much above sixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for Flattery, some for Ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the Profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that

you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic poem called Leonidas[3], which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation[4], and two or three others. But

[3] Few Poems, on their first appearance, have been received with greater applause than *Leonidas*. Lord *Lyttleton*, in the paper called *Common Sense*, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. *Pemberton* wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at *Leicester-house;* and by all the Members that were in Opposition to Sir. R. Walpole; and particularly by Lord *Cobham* and his friends, to whom the Poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as, the parting of *Leonidas* with his wife and family; the story of *Ariana* and *Teribazus;* the hymn of the *Magi;* the dream of *Leonidas;* the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of *Xerxes*, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of *Xerxes;* and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous: but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only *Iambic* feet should be used in our heroic verses, without admitting any *Trochaic*. His *Medea* is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He has left behind him some curious Memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published.

[4] By Mr. Stillingfleet, published afterward in *Dodsley's* Mis-

the crowd do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer, but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another Cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorder of deafness and giddiness increases daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am

cellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful Botanist.

told, are to be printed here: some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English Gentry of this Kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some Gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the Kingdom); but the English Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four Cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your Letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is that there might be collected from them the best System that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is some recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taste of

the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those Scribblers, who send us over their trash in Prose and Verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health: I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to encrease your compassion (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my Letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the Post-office[4] of both Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire, you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal Genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his Forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then descended to be my Friend.

It is a great Favour of Heaven that your health

[4] Dr. Johnson laughs at Swift and Pope's thinking their Letters were opened and inspected by the Post-masters, as an instance of their self-importance.

grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second Dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court exclusive.)

"I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and judicious Cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer: all these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the North: she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Minister of State: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had

the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your History, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best Patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, etc.

P. S. I will here in a Postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my Cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great Collection of[5] your letters to me, are put up and sealed, my you, and in some very safe hand[6]. I am, my most dear and honoured Friend, entirely

Yours, etc,

It is now *Aug.* 24,
1738.

[5] 'Tis written just thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed seems to be part of the Collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been industriously suppressed in the Publication, and only appears by some of the Answers. W.

[6] *The Earl of* ORRERY *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your Letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those Letters at heart, I took more than or-

dinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose, and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. W—— did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's Letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and *Mrs. W—— declares she has them not. The Consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your Friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune, and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,
With the truest esteem,
Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
Marston, Oct. 4, 1738. ORRERY.

* This Lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went so far as to *secrete* the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: whereupon her Son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq. insisted upon writing a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact. P.

LETTER XC.

[The following is a very curious Letter of Swift to Sir W. Temple, hitherto unpublished[6].]

May it please your Honour, Dublin, Oct. 6, 1694.

THAT I might not continue the many troubles I have given you, I have all this while avoided one, which I fear proves necessary at last. I have taken all due methods to be ordained, and one time of ordination is already elapsed since my arrival for effecting it. Two or three bishops, acquaintance of our family, have signified to me and them, that after so long standing in the University, it is admired I have not entered upon something or other (above half the clergy in this town being my Juniors), and that it being so many years since I left this Kingdom, they could not admit me to the ministry without some certificate of my behaviour where I lived; and my Lord Archbishop of Dublin was pleased to say a great deal of this kind to me yesterday; concluding against all I had to say, that he expected I should have a certificate from your Honour of my conduct in your family. The *sence* I am in, how low I am fallen in your Honour's thoughts, has *denied* me assurance enough to beg this favour, till I find it impossible to avoid: and I intreat your Honour to un-

[6] Transcribed from the original to Sir W. Temple; endorsed by Mr. Temple, "Swift's penitential Letter;" copied by Dr. Shipman, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Rector of Compton near Winchester, who was a relation of Sir W. Temple.

derstand, that no person is admitted here to a living, without some knowledge of his abilities for it: which it being reckoned impossible to judge in those who are not ordained, the usual method is to admit men first to some small reader's place, till, by preaching upon occasions, they can *value* themselves for better preferment. This (without great friends) is so general, that if I were four score years old I must go the same way, and should at that age be told, every one must have a beginning. I intreat that your Honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour, during almost three years in your family: wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me, are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your Honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your Honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for *infirmities*.

This is all I dare beg at present from your Honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your Honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received: which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself

upon all occasions, your Honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant, etc.

I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my Ladies, your Honour's Lady and Sister.

The ordination is appointed by the Archbishop by the beginning of November, so that if your Honour will not grant this favour immediately, I fear it will come too late.

LETTER XCI.

ON MRS. LONG'S DEATH.

SIR, London, December 26, 1711.

THAT you may not be surprised with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occasion of it. The lady who lived near two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you was so kind to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Ann Long, sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Col. Strangeways; she was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed. Accordingly she was always valued here above most of her sex, and by most distinguished persons. But by the unkindness of her friends and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted some debts that made her

uneasy here; and in order to clear them, was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here. I thought fit to signify this to you, partly to let you know, how valuable a person you have lost; but chiefly to desire that you will please to bury her in some part of your church near a wall where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well; and which if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death, as with hers. Neither did I ever know a person of either sex with more virtues, or fewer infirmities; the only one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had among them. If you visited her any short time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind, or the nature of her disease, I beg you will be so obliging to inform me: for the letter we have seen from her poor maid, is so imperfect by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death, and your letter may if you please be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover; which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, Esq. at the Earl of Dartmouth's office, at White-hall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occasion of it,

and give some allowances to so great a loss not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands.

I am, etc.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XCII.

[The following is a remarkable Letter of Pope to Mr. Allen, concerning Swift's publication of his Letters.]

My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it.—They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge, etc. However, the Dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunctions I insist upon; this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my own being any way consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so

plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events; and I think that must determine my future measures; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree; or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals [which have been so long detained], and I'll accept of them (though they have done their job), that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do; I wish I could shew you what the Dean's people, the women and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, etc. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man: how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers, how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure: and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas, I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

LETTERS

TO

BROOK TAYLOR, ESQ.

LETTER I.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

A la Source, près d'Orleans, May 1, 1721.

I SEND you, dear Sir, a letter which came hither for you by the last post, and I thank you, at the same time, for yours. My health is, I thank God, in a much better state. I would not fail to use Dr. Arbuthnot's prescriptions, if I found any occasion for them. If you see the Abbé Conti, ask him whether it be true, that there is at Venice a Manuscript of the History of the Cæsars, by Eunapius, of whom it is pretended, that Zosimus was only an abridger, as Justin was of Trogus Pompeius, or Hephistion of Dion Cassius.

Adieu. Dear Sir, I am, most faithfully,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME.

November 23, 1721.

THE letters which accompany this, will explain to you why I have been so long without answering yours of the 13th of the last month; and the same reason has been in part the cause why, now I do write to you, I say nothing about those thoughts of an ingenious Clergyman, which you was so kind as to communicate to me. Ever since your letter came into my hands, I have had too much company, and my time has been too much broken, to be able to study as usually, or to examine any such matter, with due attention. Besides, this new explanation of Daniel's Prophecy is founded on a new reading of the text, of which, for want of languages, I cannot judge: the years, as this Commentator lays them down, do, I believe, fall in with the vulgar reckoning, and perhaps any description almost of time may fall in with this reckoning, by the rules which have been followed, in forcing this unwieldly passage to an application. Upon this occasion, I'll tell you what I have very near done, for my whole life, with all enquiries into remote antiquity. My intention was to see the foundations of those historical and chronological systems, which have been erected with so much learned pains in our Western world. I have seen them, these corner stones, and I think I

have examined them enough to be sure, that he who cannot be content himself to employ his time about consequences, drawn from principles evidently begged, ought not to employ it in this kind of erudition. If ever we meet, I'll trust to your candour what I have observed, and what has fixed my thoughts, and put an end to all my curiosity on this subject; after which, you may perhaps be of opinion (if you are not so already) that when Varro fixed the famous epoch, (as Censorinus says he did) this learned Roman could hardly have any better reason for doing so, than the desire of including the foundation of his city within that period; from which, the fabulous age being ended, the historical age began. I have lately read a Book, called, an Enquiry into the Causes and Origin of Moral Evil: it runs in my head, that the author has not taken all the advantages which, as a Philosopher, he might have taken, against the defender of the Manichean Systems; and sure it is, that as a Divine, he lies under some additional disadvantages, easily understood, and therefore not necessary to be explained. Is there not a Treatise, writ by the same author, concerning Physical Evil? I take you at your word, and send a Secretary of mine to receive your directions about some books which I have writ to him for. The Abbé, who is here, and I, agree better about poetry, than we do about philosophy; and some disputes which we have had, make me resolve to study certain points which I imagine that both of us have talked of, more than we have thought of. How charmed should we be to see you here, if you was not better placed, and

better employed where you are! M^de^ de Caylus writes to you about a thing, which I join with her in desiring you to do, if it be to be done. You spoke, when you was in this country, of the Chinese manner of making fire-works, which are infinitely more admirable than ours, and I think you mentioned one Mr. Pound who had the secret; be so good as to send it to M^de^ de Caylus. It is for a young person, whom you will not be sorry to oblige. Adieu, dear Sir.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, December 26, 1723.

YOUR letter of the 15th of November came to my hands just as I was leaving the country to come to this place; and since my being here, besides a little business, I have had some return of my illness, but it seems to be over, and was, I hope, nothing more than the last pang of an expiring malady.

The good intelligence you are at present in with your father, gives me a most sensible pleasure; and I hope, that you will be able to settle your affairs at last, in such a manner as to make you amends for all the trouble you have gone through. When I endeavoured to assist you, I believed at that time there

was power; I have had since some reason to believe there is none: and I had rather attribute to the want of this, than to the want of inclination, any coldness which you may find. The books were here at my arrival; and I am very thankful to you for them. I have gone through all that I proposed to myself in the way of studying, wherein I was, when you gave us your good company. I never intended to do more than to examine, as well as I was able, the foundations on which those systems of Chronology and Ancient History which obtain in our Western world are built, *à fin de sçavoir à quoy m'entenir*. I have done this; and I have no more desire to pursue this study any further, than I have to be a proficient in Judicial Astrology. Who can resolve to build, with great cost and pains, when he finds how deep soever he digs, nothing but loose sand? Some have been so pleased with a high and lofty situation, that they have ventured upon this project; for my part, I incline not to imitate them; and to carry the similitude a little further, when such buildings are raised, I may be tempted to take a cursory view of them, but I can by no means resolve to dwell in them, *a limine salutanda sunt.*

Since my being here, I have seen very few people; our friend the Abbe Conti but once: and then, he was so much out of order, that my conversation with him was very succinct. He has begun a Philosophical Poem, which will be finished, I believe, long before the Anti-Lucretius of the Cardinal de Polignac. Sir Isaac Newton's System will make the principal beauty of it. He recited the exorde to me, which I

thought very fine; I need not tell you that he writes it in Italian. My fellow hermit is very affectionately your humble servant: she desires you would, for the present, give yourself no further trouble about the affair of Monsieur de la Roche Jacquelin. Adieu, dear Sir.

I am, with all possible esteem,

Yours, etc.

INSCRIPTIONS *in the Gardens of the* Chateau de la Source, *near* Orleans, *written by Lord* BOLINGBROKE, *during his Exile.*

PROPTER FIDEM, ADVERSUS REGINAM
ET PARTES
INTEMERATE SERVATAM,
PROPTER OPERAM IN PACE GENERALI
CONCILIANDA,
STRENUE SALTEM NAVATAM:
IMPOTENTIA VESANÆ FACTIONIS
SOLUM VERTERE CO-ACTUS,
HIC AD AQUÆ LENE CAPUT
SACRÆ
INJUSTE EXULAT
DULCE VIVIT
* H. M. B. 1722.

SI RESIPISCAT PATRIA, IN PATRIAM
REDITURUS,
SI NON RESIPISCAT, UBIVIS MELIUS
QUAM INTER TALES CIVES FUTURUS
HANC VILLAM INSTAURO ET EXORNO
HIC, VELUT EX PORTU, ALIENOS
CASUS ET FORTUNÆ LUDUM
INSOLENTEM
CERNERE SUAVE EST.
HIC, MORTEM NEC APPETENS, NEC TIMENS,
INNOCUIS DELICIIS
DOCTA QUIETE
ET FELICIS ANIMI IMMOTA TRANQUILLITATE
FRUISCOR.
HIC, MIHI VIVAM, QUOD SUPEREST, AUT
EXILII, AUT ÆVI. 1722.

* Viz. Henry Marcilly Bolingbroke. This and the following Inscription, in the hand-writing of Lord Bolingbroke, were inclosed in the foregoing Letter.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I SAW Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have inquired for the best Originals of those two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so, the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, and the Resignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promised the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a Basso Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro obscuro.

A man not only shews his Taste, but his Virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: and whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the History itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's

walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the Stones may be said to speak when Men cannot, or will not. I can't help thinking (and I know you'll join with me, you who have been making an Altar-piece) that the zeal of the first Reformers was ill-placed, in removing *Pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of Churches; and yet suffering *Epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be the burden of Church walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription[7]. I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will enquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of[8]. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds.

I am, etc.

[7] For his own Edit. of the 1st Vol. of his Letters, undertaken at Mr. Allen's request. W.

[8] The printing his Letters by subscription. W.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I NEED not say I thank you for a Letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things[9] is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you, I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man[1]. I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect Collection: whereas the only use to my own character, as an Aũthor, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character as a Man, it would be but just where

[9] His Letters. W.

[1] Mr. Allen's friendship with Mr. Pope was contracted on the reading his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart. W.

it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass, at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to *me*, in knowing I should do what would please *you*. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expence[2].

But, understand me rightly: did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair, that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be

[2] Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expence.- W.

taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the News, next winter, the Proposals, etc.

I tell you all these particulars to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree; but I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci[3], as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine print of the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design which, I fancy, is of La Sueur[4], and will do perfectly well.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME.

November 6, 1736.

I DO not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends

[3] His colouring, says Walpole, was chalky and without force. He painted the Hall at Burlington-house, and the Chapel at Chelsea College.

[4] La Sueur was the best of the French painters, for Poussin studied and lived so long in Italy, that he could hardly be called a Frenchman.

should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere: not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the head-ach, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, seems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope, at least, for the better); but I am pleased to think my Trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be Things of my own poor body: but it is enough they are Creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disap-

point you in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the town fills, an Advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the mean time I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any person's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I send you a few that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than usual.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME.

June 8, 1737.

I WAS very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that, what we think a real evil is to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases: let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, etc.

LETTER V.

FROM THE SAME.

November 24, 1737.

THE event of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprize to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, though both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed[5], by the confession of all about her,

[5] This encomium on Queen Caroline does not seem to agree with what he has said of her in other parts of his works.

the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE SAME.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

It is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you; and the share I have born, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this: for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I can't help telling you the

rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden); I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it), provided I say something of you, which most people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health; every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, etc.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE SAME.

January 20.

I OUGHT sooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been severely handled by my Asthma, and,

at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A's disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of ——; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other; and nothing in all my life has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons to see if they have any of the best sort of pride

left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE SAME.

March 6.

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation[6].

I write thus early, that you may let me know if

[6] On the invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender. W.

your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known[7] to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition). God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, etc.

[7] He brought these two eminent men together, but they soon parted in mutual disgust with each other.

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE TO MR. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

April 11, 1739.

I HAVE just received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters*[8]. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your Third *Letter*, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz[9] ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified[1]. I am sure I like

[8] Commentaries on the *Essay on Man*. W.

[9] A Swiss professor who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay*. W.

[1] From Cowley to Sir W. Davenant;

> So will our God re-build man's perish'd frame,
> And raise him up much better, yet the same!

A very outrageous compliment indeed!

it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part, at least, or of all of them into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, etc.

LETTER II.

May 26, 1739.

THE dissipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own: this, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it: as to any corrections of your *Letters*, I could make none, but what resulted from inverting the Order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last Letter, which I returned immediately to the Bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in

your Postscript[2] to the last Edition[3] of the *Legation of Moses.* I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind (even a better and a stronger tie than the similitude of studies), than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a Bishop, and truly makes his Fortune; that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

[2] He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the Weekly Miscellany: in which the Editor applied to himself those lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

Me let the tender office long engage, etc. W.

[3] With respect to the chief argument in the Divine Legation, that Moses omitted to inculcate the doctrine of a Future State, and to the inferences made from such omission, Archbishop Secker argues very acutely, "that future Recompenses were not directly and expressly either promised to good persons, or threatened to bad, in the Law of Moses; yet that might be, not because they were unknown, but because God thought them sufficiently known.—A life to come is not mentioned in the Laws of our own nation neither; though we know, they were made by such as professed firmly to believe it." LECTURE xvi.

With this passage, I am well informed, Warburton was much displeased; and after reading it, was accustomed to speak slightingly of Secker, and in terms very different from the encomiums he before passed on this truly learned Prelate.

LETTER III.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I RECEIVED with great pleasure the paper you sent me; and yet with greater, the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be past rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism as my French translator[4] has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man: and as such, were I wholly out

[4] *Resnel*, on whose faulty and absurd translation Crousaz founded his most plausible objections. W.

of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, etc.

LETTER IV.

January 4, 1739.

It is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid Judges, think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your *Letters*[5] meet from such with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very slight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second Edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the success of your Book[6], which they are earnest to have translated.

[5] On the *Essay on Man.* W.

[6] The commentary on the *Essay on Man.* W.

One of them is begun in France. A French Gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis the Ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the Impression till I have your directions, or till I can have the pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes past a part of the spring, for the best reason, I know, of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few Friends. Pray, suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you: or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little; but that 'tis possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanics*[7] that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit poured out upon you as the Author you defended from Crousaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, etc.

[7] The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others. W.

LETTER V.

January 17, 1739-40.

THOUGH I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth Epistle[8]; which (though I find by yours attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crousaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some other's, though I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory Deviations from the Argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously

[8] Of the *Essay on Man*. W.

acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my Benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard[9], etc.

[9] I shall here insert an extract of a curious letter from the Honourable Charles Yorke, to his brother the late Earl of Hardwicke, dated Bennet College, Cambridge, June 1, 1740.

"Mr. Warburton has lately been near a fortnight with Mr. Pope at Twickenham: he speaks of him in strains of rapturous commendation. He says, that he is not a better Poet than a Man, and that his vivacity and wit is not more conspicuous than his humanity and affability. He tells me that Mr. Pope is tired with imitating Horace:—that he thinks he could make something of the *Damasippus*, and intends to do it, but that the great scheme which he has in view is, the continuation of the Essay. The first, you know, was only a general map of Man, wherein the extent and limits of his faculties were marked out. The second is to treat of false Science at large; and the third is to enquire into the use and abuse of Civil Society. In a conversation which he held with Mr. Pope one evening in his garden, the latter began to open himself unreservedly to the former upon the praises which the world had bestowed upon him and his own excellencies. He declared, with great sincerity, that he really thought he had been exceeded in every part of writing, and on the side of invention more peculiarly.—Mr. Warburton told him, that he would not offend his modesty by entering into a particular disquisition of his merit; yet, he would take the liberty to mention one thing in which he thought Mr. Pope was unrivalled and alone, and it was, that he is the only poet who has found out the art of uniting wit to sublimity. 'Your wit,' says he, 'gives a splendour and delicacy to your sublimity, and your sublimity gives a grace and dignity to your wit.'—They both agreed in condemning Bishop Atterbury's judgment on the Arabian Tales; and upon my observing to Mr. Warburton that they were very unequal, several of them being finely imagined, and conveying an exquisite sentiment of morality, while others were mean in the device, conducted with flatness and a want of spirit, with nothing remarkably instructive in the conclusions to be drawn from them; he satisfied me with this ingenious reason

LETTER VI.

April 16, 1740.

You could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who

for it, which is built on an hypothesis of his own. 'You know,' says he, 'they were translated by a Frenchman, from an original Arabic manuscript, in the King of France's Library; but there is not above one tenth of the original translated. The Arabian collector appears to have been a man of little taste; for in order to give a due connexion to the whole, he has laid the scene of his narration in the most flourishing state of that Empire for Arts, Learning, Power, and has at the same time introduced into it fables concerning things which happened above a thousand years after, just as if one should suppose a story to be told in the reign of William the Conqueror, which related to George I. Now,' continued he, 'the noblest fables in the collection fell in naturally with the scene which he has laid, so that they are transcribed from the works of some famous author in those days, and the rest, which you speak of as poor and trifling, are taken from some later fabulists, who had neither invention to contrive nor thought enough to give a sense and meaning to their stories.' —He added, 'that from the Arabian tables, you might gather the completest notion of the Eastern ceremonies and manners.' —Mr. Pope communicated to Mr. Warburton, Lord Bolingbroke's rules for the reading of History, which he thinks a very fine performance. That treatise, and the account of his own times, are to be published together, after his death. In short, Mr. Warburton declares he never spent a fortnight so agreeably any where as at Twickenham: he was presented to all Mr. Pope's friends, who entertained him with singular civility, and received him with an engaging freedom."

The modest and judicious estimate which our author himself gives in this letter, of his own talents and powers, is very striking and remarkable.

have been many years acquainted with each other[1], and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well: I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London, and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the Books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R's, where and when I shall call upon you, which I will daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve,

Yours, etc.

[1] This very first interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, just by Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Dodsley was present; and was, he told me, astonished at the high compliments paid him by Pope as he approached him.

LETTER VII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

It is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade, by having been for the most part carried on, and carried furthest by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him.* Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well; and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: but in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Essay[2] [3];

[2] Mr. Pope desired the Editor to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose. W.

[3] The following is a Letter from our Author to Mr. Christopher Smart.

" SIR, Twickenham, Nov. 18.

" I thank you for the favour of yours; I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole Essay you mention; the two first Epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry, and common place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject, which appears in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one, indeed, in Latin verse, printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in French prose; but in these the spirit of poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation

but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and, I think, I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you shall certainly now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

LETTER VIII.

October 27, 1740.

I AM grown so bad a correspondent, partly through the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly through other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me), that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be other-

of my Ode, which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter; it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.

"I am, your most obliged and sincere humble Servant,

"A. Pope."

wise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The Translation[4] you are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself[5], but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the Translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *Terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

[4] Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose. W.

[5] This is one of the most singular concessions ever made by any author; and a fulsome strain of flattery indeed.

Scriblerus[6] will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder[7]. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last Step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish, is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

If I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter-writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should oftenest pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations

[6] The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. W.

[7] The Letters published by Dr. Swift. W.

I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction[8], without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glimpses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second Volume*[9]; and particularly of the *Digressions*, for they are *so much more of you;* and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent[1]. You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *more Theologorum;* and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining[2], and, I think, instructive story of Dr. W***,

[8] N. B. This was the strongest resentment he ever expressed of this indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, though it exposed him to the ill-will of others. W.

[9] Of *the Divine Legation.* W.

[1] The Digressions are many of them learned, curious, and entertaining; but some good judges will not allow them to be pertinent.

[2] This story concerning Dr. *Waterland,* is related with much pleasantry by Dr. *Middleton,* in the following words: "In his

who was, in this, the image of * * *, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the last spring.

I am, etc.

last journey from Cambridge to London, being attended by Dr. Plumtree, and Dr. Cheselden the surgeon, he lodged the second night at Hodsden; where being observed to have been costive on the road, he was advised to have a clyster, to which he consented. The Apothecary was presently sent for, to whom Dr. Plumtree gave his orders below stairs, while Dr. Waterland continued above; upon which the Apothecary could not forbear expressing his great sense of the honour which he received, in being called to the assistance of so celebrated a person, whose writings he was well acquainted with. The company signified some surprise to find a country Apothecary so learned; but he assured them, that he was no stranger to the merit and character of the Doctor, but had lately read his ingenious Book with much pleasure, *The Divine Legation of Moses*. Dr. Plumtree, and a Fellow of Magdalen, there present, took pains to convince the Apothecary of his mistake, while C——n ran up stairs with an account of his blunder to Waterland, who provoked by it into a violent passion, called the poor fellow a puppy, and blockhead, who must needs be ignorant in his profession and unfit to administer any thing to him, and might possibly poison his bowels; and notwithstanding Dr. Plumtree's endeavours to moderate his displeasure, by representing the expediency of the operation, and the man's capacity to perform it, he would hear nothing in his favour, but ordered him to be discharged, and postponed the benefit of the clyster till he reached his next stage."

LETTER X.

April 14, 1741.

You are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of——You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: when, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

LETTER XI.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

The general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's; the tie is mutual and solid. The use of

writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: unless I ever should be so fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. 'Tis too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great Person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; though very lately a nobleman whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined, etc.——

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon[3]. As for mine, I will die before

[3] This relates to an accidental affair which happened this summer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P. after one day's stay going westward, and Mr. W. who staid a day after him, to visit the Dean of C. C. returning to London. On this day the Vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L. sent him a message to his lodgings, by a person of eminence in that place, with an unusual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him: to which such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the same offer made him of a Doctor's degree in Law. And to the issue of that unasked and unsought compliment these words allude. W.

I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving; no more from the hands of Priests, than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true Blessings*.

LETTER XII.

September, 20, 1741.

It is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman[4] I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I don't know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, though it be truth, for saying so much.—

If I can prevail on myself to complete[5] the Dun-

[4] Lord Chesterfield. W.

[5] He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in pursuance of the Editor's advice. W.

ciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for Poems I will not call them); and, I hope, your Friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Posterity: I mean to as much of Posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the University: and I tell you once more[6], I will not have it there without you.——

LETTER XIII.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I AM always naturally sparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of Friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for

[6] This was occasioned by the Editor's requesting him not to slight the honour ready to be done him by the University; and especially, not to decline it on the Editor's account, who had no reason to think the affront done him of complimenting him with an offer and then contriving to evade it, the act of that illustrious body, but the exploit of two or three particulars, the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their own passions and prejudices. However, Mr. P. could not be prevailed on to accept of any honours from them, and his resentment of this low trick gave birth to the celebrated lines, of Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen, in the fourth Dunciad. W.

words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M.[7] though, I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a Divine, and an Author, who loves peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an Author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G. and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him, as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy ever in my own house, *vacare literis.* It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here[8] I could wish to be with you: and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement

[7] Dr. M. means Dr. Middleton, and Mr. L. means Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. G. Mr. Gyles.

[8] This was the Letter which brought Dr. Warburton to Mr. Allen's house at Bath; which visit laid the foundation of his fortune. Bishop Hare, having recommended him to Queen Caroline, 1737, a little before her death, desired him, as we are informed by Dr. Hurd, to alter or omit a passage in the 1st vol. of the *Divine Legation*, which contained a stroke of pleasantry on Woolaston's Religion of Nature, because her Majesty affected to be fond of that Treatise.

of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms: and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them,) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury[9] is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a Library, and a Gallery nineteen feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through

[9] Some years afterward Mr. Towne, the intimate friend of Warburton, published some severe remarks on Sherlock's incomparable Sermons, who had contradicted some tenets in the *Divine Legation*.

Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

> Audistin'? an me ludit amabilis
> Insania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

LETTER XIV.

November 22, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would

just see * * *, though when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the Session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his Friendship, But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribbler again[1], I know not.

LETTER XV.

April 23, 1742.

My letters are very short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I can't sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and per-

[1] He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the summer before: and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor should use. W.

haps to make others sleep, unless awakened by my Commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I shall seize all the hours I can: for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short.——I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant.—In that case I think to go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too), would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whose house, you know, and heart are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again. —Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; I will not repent being in it while two or three live[s].

I am, etc.

[s] Dr. Warburton has given the following account of the causes of the rupture betwixt him and Lord Bolingbroke:

"About the year 1742, a little before Lord Bolingbroke's return to England, this *Critic* was with Mr Pope at T. who shewed him a printed book of *Letters on the Study and Use of History*, and desired his opinion of it. It was the first volume of the work since published under that name. Mr. W. on turning over the book, told him his thoughts of it with great ingenuity. What he said to Mr. Pope of the main subject is not material: but of the Digression concerning the Authenticity of the Old Testament, he told his friend very frankly, that the Author's arguments, poor as they were, were all borrowed from other writers, and had been confuted to the full satisfaction of the learned world: that the Author of these *Letters*, whoever he was, had mistaken some of those reasonings; had misrepresented others; and had added such mistakes of his own, as must discredit him with the learned, and dishonour him with all honest men: that therefore, as he understood the Author was his friend, he could

LETTER XVI.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our friend, but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of

not do him better service than advise him to strike out this digression; a digression that had nothing to do with the subject, and would set half his readers against the work, which, without this occasion of scandal, would have much ado to make head against the other half, whenever it should appear. Mr. Pope said his friend (whose name he kept secret) was the most candid of all writers; and that he, the Author of the D. L. could not do him a greater pleasure than to tell him his thoughts with all freedom on this occasion. He urged this so warmly, that his friend complied, and, as they were then alone, scribbled over half a dozen sheets of paper, before he rose from the table where they were then sitting. Mr. Pope read what was written; and, as he had a wonderful partiality for those he loved, approved of them; and to convince his friend (the *Scribbler* as my Lord rightly calls him) that he did so, he took up the printed volume, and crossed out the word *Digression*. The remarks were written, as you may well suppose, with all the civility Mr. W. was likely to use to a friend Mr. Pope appeared so much to reverence: but the word *prevarication*, or something like it, chanced, it seems, to escape his pen. The papers were sent to Paris, and received with unparalleled indignation. Little broke out; but something did; and Mr. Pope found he had not paid his court by this officious piece of service. However, with regard to the writer of the papers, all was carried, when his Lordship came over, with singular complaisance: such as men use when their design is to draw on those whose homage they propose to gain. In the mean time, his Lordship was meditating and compiling an angry and elaborate answer to this private, hasty, and impertinent, though well-meant *Scribble:* and it was as much as they could do, who had most influence over him, to prevail with him at length to burn it. For the truth of all this, I might appeal to a Noble Person, one of the greatest characters of this, or indeed of any age; who being much courted by his Lordship (for su-

me pleased, as I yet am, then chagrined as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wish

perior virtue will force homage from the most unlike), was for some time able, and at all times most desirous, of restraining the extravagance of that *first Philosophy*, which he detested and despised.

"The event has since shewn, that it would have been happy for his Lordship's reputation, had the advice to strike out the *Digression* been approved; for it is this which first sunk him in the popular opinion; and made men overlook the merit of the very best of his compositions.

"Mr. Pope, however, was still flattered and caressed; and the vengeance treasured up against him, for the impiety of erasing those sacred papers, did not break out till after the Poet's death: then, indeed, it came forth with redoubled vehemence, and on the most ridiculous pretence. Pope had, as his Lordship pretended, unknown to him, printed an edition of the *Patriot Prince*, or *Patriot King* (for it has two titles, as his Lordship's various occasions required), a very innocent thing, which might have been proclaimed by the common crier, without giving the least umbrage or offence. To say the truth, it was a mere school declamation, which, in great pomp of words, informs us of this secret, *That if a Prince could once be brought to love his Country, he would always act for the good of it.* As extraordinary as this discovery appears, there was much odd practice employed to give a colour of necessity for the publishing it. However, published it was, and the memory of Pope traduced in so cruel, so scandalous a manner, that the reader is suffered to conclude, even Curl himself could not have acted a more infamous or rascally part: for it must be owned his Lordship has dealt one equal measure to his Country, his Religion, and his Friend. And for what was all this outrage? To speak the worst of the offence, for one of those private offices of indiscreet good-will which generous men are always ready to forgive, even when they see themselves most incommoded by it.

"The public stood amazed, and those who had any regard for the Poet's memory, waited with impatience to see which of his *old* Friends would rescue it from his Lordship's talons. Contempt, I suppose, of so cruel a treatment, kept them all silent. However, the same contempt at length provoked an anonymous writer to publish a Letter to the *Editor of the Patriot King:* for

you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have reposed yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wish I was as sure they would study to serve you.—A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the Editor of this new edition of the Dunciad[3], if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public of your Commentaries, on the *Essay on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppressed; freely and friendly. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me

his Lordship had divided himself into two personages of *Editor* and *Author*. This Letter, written with all the respect due to his rank and character, he thought fit to ascribe to the Author of the *Divine Legation*; so that you need not wonder if it exposed the suspected writer to all his Lordship's rage, and to all the ribaldry of his sycophants, of which some, that was said to pass through this great man's hands, was in language bad enough to disgrace even jails and garrets."

[3] That is, of the four books complete. W.

to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton[4], is yet taken some notice of because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.——

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend, you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home!

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

December 28, 1742.

I HAVE always so many things to take kindly of you, that I dont know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments.——I am glad you will refresh the *memory* of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of

[4] *Drayton* deserves a much higher character. He abounds in many beautiful and natural descriptions, and some very harmonious lines. And *Selden's* notes are full of curious antiquarian researches. Pope was as much superior to Drayton, as Selden was to Warburton.

such works as the *Divine Legation*[5]. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and a

[5] One of the most shrewd and acute objections ever urged against the reasoning of the Divine Legation, is in the following Letter of Dr. *Middleton* to *Warburton*.

"When I was last in London, I met with a little Piece, written with the same view and on the same plan with yours; an anonymous Letter from Geneva, evincing the divine Mission of Moses, from the Institution of the Sabbatic year. The author sets out, like you, from this single Postulatum, that Moses was a consummate Lawgiver; and shews that he could never have enjoined a Law so whimsical, impolitic, and hazardous, exposing the people to certain famine, as oft as the preceding or following year proved barren, if he, who has all Nature at command, had not warranted the success of it. The letter is ingenious and sprightly, and dresses out, in a variety of colours, the absurdity of the institution, on the supposition of its being human. It is in French, and published in Bibliothéque Germanique, tom. xxx.

"But will not this gaiety of censuring the Law be found too adventurous, and expose your Postulatum itself to some hazard? especially when there is a fact generally allowed by the learned, that seems to overturn all this specious reasoning at once; *viz.* that this Law of the Sabbatic year was never observed. For, if so, it may be objected, with some shew of reason, that Moses had charged himself with the issue of events too delicate, and beyond his reach, and imprudently enjoined what use and experience shewed to be impracticable. I am apprehensive likewise that your work will not stand wholly clear of objections: your scheme, as I take it, is to shew, that so able a man as Moses could not possibly have omitted the doctrine of a future state, thought so necessary to government by all other Legislators, had he not done it by express direction of the Deity; and that under the miraculous dispensations of the Theocracy, he could neither want it himself for the inforcing a respect to his laws, nor yet the people, for the encouragement of their obedience. But what was the consequence? Why the people were perpetually apostatising either to the Superstitions of Egypt or the Idolatries of Canaan; and, tired with the load of their Ceremonies, wholly dropped them at last, and sunk into all kinds of vice and profaneness; till the Prophets, in order to revive and preserve a sense of Religion amongst them, began to preach up the

duller sort; those who become writers through malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the Work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading-glass*.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my sense of all the *Kindness* over and above all the *Justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to[6] Jervas's preface to Don Quixote.

rational duties of Morality, and insinuate the doctrine of a future state."—*Letter to Mr. Warburton, Sept.* 11, 1736.

Our author did not perhaps know that his learned and excellent friend, Bishop Berkeley, had remarked, long before the Divine Legation was published, "That Moses, indeed, doth not insist on a future state, the common basis of all political Institutions; nor do other Lawgivers make a particular mention of all things necessary, but suppose some things as generally known and believed. The belief of a future state, (which it is manifest the Jews were possessed of long before the coming of Christ) seems to have obtained among the Hebrews from primeval Tradition; which might render it unnecessary for Moses to insist on that article."—*A Discourse addressed to Magistrates.*

[6] On the origin of the books of Chivalry. W.

Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My Law-suit with L. is at an end.—Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford; Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

LETTER XVIII.

January 18, 1742.

I AM forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyesight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends, than I, esteem and enjoy you equally.—— I have again heard from Lord * *, and another hand, that

the Lord[7] I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they relate to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life if once he served, or obliged you; but that I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu, and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

LETTER XIX.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* 'Tis in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Though, in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

[7] Granville. W.

I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it—A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than —— intrinsically; but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small.—

I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the Dunciad may be published I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is, your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essays on Criticism*, etc. I know it is there[8] I shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum, iterumque monebo*[9]) or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

[8] The judgment he here passes on his own works is remarkable, and worth attending to.

[9] Either his friendship for the Editor, or love of Religion, made him have this very much at heart; and almost the last words he said to the Editor as he was dying, was the conjuring him to finish the last Volume; which, indignation, as he supposed, at the scurrilities of a number of nameless scribblers, had retarded. W.

LETTER XX.

June 5.

I WISH that instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran Authors; those garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry Author.

It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the *Essay on Homer*[1]. But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and though the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

[1] The Editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition. W.

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your convenience, to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head, and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

July 18.

You may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay[2] are just; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern, that my notions in my first writings should not be repugnant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and some there are which still want your help to be made as they

[2] Prefixed to his Homer's Iliad. W.

should be.—Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month, or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party; I believe not till September at soonest.—You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances[3] than your Fame; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what Virtue would not; and God send they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, etc.

LETTER XXII.

October 7.

I HEARTILY thank you for yours, from which I learned your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as

[3] His debt from the Executor of Mr. Gyles. W.

well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER XXIII.

January 12, 1743.

An unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect; and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have past most of my time, and often wished you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of) will be gone again, unless you pass

some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my Things with your Notes, and as fast I receive any from you, I add others in order.——

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your Clergy are offended[4] at a verse or two of mine[5], because I have respect for *your* Clergy (though the Verses are harder upon *ours*). But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indispositions, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, etc.

[4] It was surely impossible for them *not* to take offence, at one of the severest, and, we hope, undeserved sarcasms ever cast on their order. And it is not a little surprising that the friend under whose guidance our poet had now placed himself, did not prevail on him to suppress these injurious lines.

[5] Ver. 355 to 358, second book of the Dunciad. W.

LETTER XXIV.

If I was not ashamed to be so behind-hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up, (any more than I could in my present state, to overtake you in a race,) I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *on the Use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them[6] in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt

[6] Without incurring, I hope, the censure of being a short-sighted and malevolent critic, I venture to say, that our author's fond expectation of his commentator's setting his works in the best light, was extremely ill-founded.

of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds: and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet). What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: but that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be, even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

April, 1744.

I AM sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder —— from printing the Comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship.

I am, etc.

[1] He died May 30 following. W.

GUARDIANS[1].

N° 4. MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature, are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking

[1] It is observable that our author wrote no one paper in the *Spectator:* though his friend *Parnelle* did several, chiefly in the way of *Visions*, and in a style forced and inflated, and much inferior to these *eight* papers of our author. *Addison* wrote *fifty-two* papers in the *Guardian*, the plan of which was far inferior to that of the *Spectator*. For what had the Guardian of the *Sparkler* to do with Subjects of Criticism and Philosophy? The secret charm of the Spectator consisted in interesting the reader in the characters and actions of the several members of the club, and consequently in the *dramatic cast* given to those Essays. The successors of the *Spectator*, even those that have been most popular, seem to have been unfortunate in the *Titles* they assumed. Who would suppose that the *Rambler* (il Vagabondo, as the Italian translator termed it) was a series of the gravest and most moral Essays? The *Adventurer*, it seems, alluded to its being a kind of *Knight Errantry* to attack the Vices and Follies of Men. The *Connoisseur*, though you would naturally expect it from the title, yet contained nothing that related to the fine Arts. The *World* was an appropriated and happy title, because it pointed out the chief design of touching on the topics of the day, and the living manners of the times. And this significant title was given to it, by the sensible Publisher of it, Mr. Robert Dodsley, at a meeting of several of the author's friends, who universally gave the preference to his proposal against their own.

man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of Praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even Truth itself in Dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or Vizor-Masque, and will appear a Cheat by being drest so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason, that, because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumstance, to make him as humble as they could: and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it

be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterward for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known a Hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory: and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors: he who made the first compliment was a lofty

gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some Critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so, it is certain, none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand, that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with

the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribands, brought by her tire-woman with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader as follows. * * * "Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your Grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a Divine command; * * * Upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate * * * It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. * * * * The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied

to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious Dedication, could not but convince the Dutchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the Critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the Celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer, of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be, published; and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Most Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you; first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which it is pos-

sible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value, I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric: but since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but, till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest SIR,

Your affectionate Friend, and

The greatest of your Admirers.

N° 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1713.

Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 80.

"*To the* GUARDIAN.

"SIR,

"As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the Public Good, I flatter myself I may claim your Countenance and Protection. I am by Profession a Mad-Doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose Aim it is to remove Frenzies, but one who make it my Business to confer an agreeable Madness on my Fellow-Creatures, for their mutual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the Philosophers, that Happiness and Misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to Mankind in general than this pleasing Delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

"I have for several Years, both at home and abroad, made this Science my particular Study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the Courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a Method, as to practise it on both Sexes, of what Disposition, Age, or Quality soever, with Success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my *Obsequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to support the Spirits of human

Nature. This remedy is of the most grateful Flavour in the World, and agrees with all Tastes whatever. It is delicate to the Senses, delightful in the Operation, may be taken at all Hours without Confinement, and is as properly given at a Ball or Playhouse as in a private Chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected Minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge of a Man's self. One Dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole Animal System, dissipate the first Motions of Distrust, so as never to return, and so exhilarate the Brain, and rarify the Gloom of Reflection, as to give the Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of Behaviour, and a pleasing Dependance upon their own Capacities.

"Let a Person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many Years with restless Reflections, which by long Neglect have hardened into settled Consideration. Those that have been stung with Satire, may here find a certain Antidote, which infallibly disperses all the Remains of Poison that has been left in the Understanding by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart against the Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of Epigrams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both Sexes, during the Seasons of *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*.

"I could, as farther instances of my Success, produce Certificates and Testimonials from the Favourites and Ghostly Fathers of the most eminent Princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the Men-

tion of a few Cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand Universal Restorative*, during the Practice of one Month only since I came to this City.

"*Cures in the Month of* February, 1713.

"George Spondee, Esq. Poet, and Inmate of the Parish of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, fell into violent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third Night. He had been frighted into a Vertigo by the Sound of Cat-calls on the First Day; and the frequent Hissings on the Second made him unable to endure the bare Pronunciation of the Letter S. I searched into the Causes of his Distemper; and by the Prescription of a Dose of my *Obsequium*, prepared *secundum Artem*, recovered him to his natural State of Madness. I cast in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill Taste of the Town*, *Envy of Critics*, *Bad Performance of the Actors*, and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another Play upon the Stage next Winter.

"A Lady of professed Virtue of the Parish of St. James's Westminster, who hath desired her Name may be concealed, having taken Offence at a Phrase of double Meaning in Conversation, undiscovered by any other in the Company, suddenly fell into a cold Fit of Modesty. Upon a right Application of Praise of her Virtue, I threw the Lady into an agreeable waking Dream, settled the Fermentation of her Blood into a warm Charity, so as to make her look with Patience on the very Gentleman that offended.

"Hilaria, of the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, a Coquette of long Practice, was, by the Reprimand

of an old Maiden, reduced to look grave in Company, and deny herself the play of the Fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy Circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into Devotion at Church. I advised her to take a few *innocent Freedoms, with occasional Kisses*, prescribed her the *Exercise of the Eyes*, and immediately raised her to her former State of Life. She on a sudden recovered her Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her Glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive Posture. This the Church-Wardens are ready to attest upon Oath.

"Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mohock, was almost induced by an aged Bencher of the same House, to leave off bright Conversation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was so ill that his Hat began to flap, and he was seen one Day in the last Term at Westminster-Hall. This Patient had quite lost his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Distillation of a few of my vivifying Drops in his Ear, drew him from his Lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious Misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his Condition.

"I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innumerable Cures I have performed within Twenty Days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all Persons, of whatever Age, Complexion, or Quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual Oil; which applied at the Ear, seizes all the Senses with a most agreeable Transport, and discovers its Effects, not only to the Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who

converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly Infection. It is often administered by Chamber-maids, Valets, or any the most ignorant Domestic; it being one peculiar Excellence of this my Oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the Person is, or appears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for Ladies to take a Dose of it just before they take Coach to go a visiting.

"But I offend the Public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your Time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a Present of a Drachm or two of my Oil; though I have cause to fear my Prescriptions will not have the Effect upon you I could wish: Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my Favour by the Present of my Oil, but wholly depend upon your public Spirit and Generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the World the useful Endeavours of,

"SIR,

"Your most obedient, most faithful,

"Most devoted, most humble

"Servant and Admirer,

"GNATHO.

"*†* Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

"N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at reasonable rates to Gentlemen of the Universities, who desire to be qualified for writing Dedications; and to young Lovers and Fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of Marriage. I instruct Persons of bright Capacities

to flatter others, and those of meanest to flatter themselves.

"I was the first Inventor of Pocket Looking-glasses."

N° 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of some former papers on the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :——
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

1. I DESIGNED to have troubled[2] the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they

[2] The irony of this paper was conducted with such delicacy and skill that the drift of it was not at first perceived. The wits at Button's thought it to be a sarcasm on Pope's Pastorals: *Steele* hesitated about publishing it; but *Addison* immediately saw the design of it. "Ut dicam paucis quod sentio. Similis est Theocritus amplo cuidam pascuo, per se satis fœcundo, herbis plurimis frugiferis floribusque pulcris abundanti, dulcibus etiam fluviis uvido: similis Virgilius horto distincto nitentibus areolis; ubi larga florum copia, sed qui studiose dispositi, curaque meliore nutriti atque exculti diligenter, olim huc a pascuo illo majore transferebantur." *Theocritus. Oxon.* 1770. 4*to.*

are published, and has the least concern for them afterward.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain, that any deviations from that design degraded a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second: the calumny and railing in the third, are not proper to that state of concord: the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: as to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius[3], Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather Select Poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. They never meant them all for pastorals.

[3] See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman Language, as Philips has by the antiquated English: for example, might he not have said *quoi* instead of *cui; quoijum* for *cujum; vold* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis, on British plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Collin Clout.

5. So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great

reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of a University education); but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts of the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Collin Clout and the Nightingale shews with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment[4], described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a Poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who, in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale,

"Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep."

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised

[4] This passage alone might have shewn the fine irony of the paper.

up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately!

HOBB.

"Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brindled kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

"Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away."

Our other Pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

STREPH.

"In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPH.

"Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year."

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses;

HOBB.

" As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

" As I to cool me bath'd one saltry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

STREPH.

" Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH.

" The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral Presents. Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

" Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd."

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

" where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?"

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric!

" And what that height, which girds the welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?"

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shewn some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, That beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

" O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!"

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this Dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

> " Ah me the while! ah me! the luckless day,
> Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say;
> Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
> Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep."

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: for example:

> " A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
> And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
> —He that late lies down, as late will rise,
> And sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
> —Against Ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;
> Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails:
> —Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong."

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales; where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:

> " Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
> Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say."

Diggon answers:

" Hur was hur, while it was day-light;
But now hur is a most wretched wight," etc.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

CICILY.

" Rager, go vetch tha[6] Kee, or else tha Zun
Will quite bego, bevore c'have half a don.

ROGER.

" Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
To dreve our bull to bull tha Parson's Kee."

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *Jealousy;* and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

CICILY.

" Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,
When in yon Vield you kiss'd tha Parson's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the Wake thou brought'st me gingerbread?

[6] That is, the Kine or Cows. W.

ROGER.

" Cicily, thou charg'st me valse—I'll swear to thee,
Tha Parson's maid is still a maid vor me."

In which answer of his, are expressed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that innocence of the Golden Age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world:

" So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily."

I am loath to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

N° 61. MAY 21, 1713.

"Primaque a cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum." Ovid.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved

pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting[6], and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts[7] in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood.* However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce

[6] Of hich cruel sport our author himself is reported to have been once fond.

[7] Thomson has a humane passage on this bird's paying his visit to *trusted man* in the depth of winter.

to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic be any cause of the general persecution of Owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the Chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pur-

sued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

Questuque cruentus
Atque Imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipped to death, Fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward[a] of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

[a] He used the very same expression on the same subject in his *Essay on Man*.

The excellent Plutarch[9] (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner: "It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest: such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but

[9] This is a just character of *Plutarch*, whose *Lives* are well *known*; but whose *Morals* are not read and attended to so much as they deserve, being some of the most valuable remains of all antiquity. Good editions of them have long been wanted; but we hope the elegant one now publishing at Oxford will awaken the attention of many readers.

even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion:

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum ——

Quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare potest!——[1]

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—"Should I not spare Nineveh, the great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons—and also much cattle?"

[1] Imitated by a poet whose benevolence was equal to his genius:

——— The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? You who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold? and the plain Ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he whose toil,
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed
And struggling groan, beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds?—Seasons—*Spring*.

I wonder the tender *Thomson* omitted,

Immotas mugitibus aures; et vagitus
Similes puerilibus hœdum edentem:

which Dryden charmingly translates:

And imitates in vain thy children's cries.

—And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words: "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage nor prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of[2].

This whole matter with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder eentreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated

[2] And the poor beetle that thou tread'st upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pain as great
As when a giant dies.—Shakspeare.

how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a Tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of Men (replied the Tree) by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital, they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the Adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the Cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

N° 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

" —— inest sua gratia parvis."—Virg.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq.*

SIR,

" I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

" I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the Species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

" The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest in the year, on which we are to hold an annual Feast over a dish of Shrimps.

" The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the performers of which, we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

" At our first resort hither, an old woman brought

her son to the Club-room, desiring he might be educated in this School, because she saw here were finer Boys than ordinary. However this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

"One said, he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

"Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

"There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures, and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed, that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

"We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place, we caused a total removal of all the

chairs, stools, and tables, which served the gross of mankind for many years.

" The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The President's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that, notwithstanding the President sate in it, there was a *Sede Vacante.*

" The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter-dishes, took us for a circle of men that sate ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen Barbers.

" Another time, one of the Club spoke in a ludicrous manner of the President, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face.

" We therefore now furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

" Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.

" I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as

the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device, under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

" II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is, it is ordered he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

" III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in height; that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the Club.

" IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the Society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half; it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of his littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words; " Go from among us, and be tall if you can!"

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have de-

creased in stature, from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of Nature itself, that men should be little; and we believe, that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to *our own measure.*"

N° 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito!—Plaut.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq.*

"YOU are now acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the Character of the members, and the topics of our Conversation, are what remain for the subject of this Epistle.

"The most eminent persons of our assembly[3] are, a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and a little Hero. The first of these, Dick Distick by name, we have elected President: not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little crea-

[3] The humour of describing clubs was nearly exhausted by some inimitable papers of Addison in the Spectator. This account of the club of Little Men, like that of Addison's on Tall Men, is full of pleasantry, especially as it came from a person of our Author's size and make; which however he would not suffer any body to rally but himself.

ture, with long arms and legs: a Spider is no ill emblem of him; he has been taken at a distance for a small Windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in Poetry; for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him in that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the Fair. He was the other night excusing his absence from the club on account of an assignation with a Lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening: but one of the company who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

" Our Politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom: Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of an ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a Cat compared with that of a Lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk of himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a lit-

tle cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of Princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stinted his growth; for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls a great Distiller of the maxims of Tacitus: when he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loath to enrich you too fast with his observations; like a limbeck that gives you drop by drop, an extract of the little that is in it.

"The last I shall mention is, Tim. Tuck, the Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his Sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a Fly that the boys have run a pin through, and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow, as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim. was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little Heroes being generally choleric.

"These are the gentlemen that mostly enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size: these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of consolation to each other. The President had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a

stormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient Poet had been subject to; who is recorded to have been so light that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind, with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The Lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the Politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at but in his *Absence*.

" We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories of little David[4] that conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxembourg that made Louis XIV. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the great. Dick Distick celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homunciolum;* and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms

[4] He might have added to the List of Little Men, *Harvey, Chillingworth, Hales, Wren.*

to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great Reader[5] and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of Satire on little warriors, as his Battle of the Mouse and the Frog. The Politician is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of a very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

"As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my business, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the transactions: this has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their Amours, single Combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world, for their punishment and reformation.

[5] Alluding to Bentley's attempting to confute, what he has indeed done effectually, the vulgar notion that Æsop was deformed; an idea first propagated by that ignorant Monk Planudes, and copied without examination by many succeeding writers. See the incomparable Dissertation on Phalaris's Epistles, page 429 of the last edition, in which the arguments of Boyle and his ingenious associates (for there were many) are completely demolished. What related to Æsop in Boyle's discourse is said to have been written by Dr. Freind; and the greatest part of the discourse by Smallridge and Atterbury.

For the President hath granted me the sole propriety of exposing and shewing to the town all such intractable Dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in Boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of a Poet, those smart characters that will shine in Epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

"BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*"

N° 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes litora myrtos.
Virg.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, Villas) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly something[6] in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of Art.

This was the taste of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh Odyssey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go towards composing the best gar-

[6] In the Spectator, N° 414. 1712, were the *first* strictures, as in this paper, 1713, the *second*, that were made on the bad taste of Gardening in this Country. The subject has been since treated at length, and with great skill and ability, by many ingenious writers, particularly by Mr. Walpole, Mr. Mason in his elegant Poem, and in *Observations on Gardening*, by Mr. Shenstone, by the ingenious and learned Mr. Knight, in his *Landscape*, by Mr. *George Mason*, and Mr. *Price*. It is acutely remarked by Mr. Twining, in his Aristotle, that the Ancients have described no Landscapes; owing, in his opinion, to their not having any landscape-painter. They had no *Thomsons* because they had no *Claudes*.

dens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was enclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the Garden; as also the beds of Greens mentioned afterward at the extremity of the enclosure, in the usual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the enclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our Trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;

Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos[7].

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: on the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is the least natural. A Citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains the thought of erecting them into Giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country seat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardener, who has lately applied to me on this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the Villas and Gardens

[7] I have in vain searched for the author of these Latin Verses; and conclude they are our author's own lines: who may therefore be added to those English Poets that wrote also in Latin; to whom I would add a name so dear to me that I fear I shall be accused of Partiality; yet still I will venture to say, that *Mons Catharinæ*, and some translations of *Greek* Poems, are written with the utmost Purity and Taste. See the Poems of Thomas Warton 1791.

adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso Gardener, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the Ancients, in the imagery of Ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel not yet finished.

St. George in Box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben Jonson in Laurel.

Divęrs eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a penny-worth.

A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pig, with sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Fir, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round about thy Table.

PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is not my design[1] to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; though to do it effectually and not su-

[1] It is always to be lamented that Pope ever undertook this edition of Shakspeare, a task which the course of his readings and studies did not qualify him to execute with the ability and skill which it deserved, and with which it hath since been executed. This Preface, however, is written with taste, judgment, purity, and elegance; as that of Dr. Johnson is with uncommon spirit and splendour. What the latter urges against observing the *Unities* of Time and Place, in Dramatic Poetry, is unanswerable. But I cannot possibly assent to his opinion that Shakspeare's *predominant* excellence lay in *Comedy*, not *Tragedy*. An Essay has been written on this subject, which may possibly, one day, see the light. It is almost impossible to say much on this greatest of our poets, after the many curious researches, unwearied industry, and accurate remarks, every where visible in the excellent editions of Malone and Steevens. This Edition of Pope had however the accidental merit of making Shakspeare more read and acted. Dryden's character of our unrivalled poet, in his *Essay* on Dramatic Poetry, is exquisitely written, and contains most of the topics in his praise, that later critics have only expanded and repeated. Dr. Warburton informs us that he undertook his edition of Shakspeare, at the earnest persuasion of Pope; "who was desirous (he says) that his edition should be melted down into mine." But I do not recollect any edition of any author whatever, that was ever more totally ex-

perficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English Poets, Shakspeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellences, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally

posed and demolished, on account of its numerous perverse interpretations, and improbable conjectures, than this edition in question, by Mr. Thomas Edwards, in his twenty-five Canons of Criticism, which were drawn and illustrated, with equal humour and judgment, from Warburton's own notes and remarks. In vain was the author thrust into a niche of the Dunciad; these Canons will continue to be read with equal pleasure and conviction, as well as the Ode which Akenside wrote to him on the subject, in which he says,

> Then Shakspeare debonnair and mild
> Brought that strange comment forth to view!
> Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
> Than his own fools or madmen knew;
> But thank'd a generous friend above,
> Who did with free adventurous love
> Such pageants from his tomb remove.

elevated above all other dramatic Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any Author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an Imitator, as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *Characters* are so much Nature[2] herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one

[2] See Mrs. Montagu's ingenious Essay on Shakspeare, and her confutations of some of Voltaire's criticisms.

might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *Power* over our *Passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead towards it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept; and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, Laughter and Spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than the *ridiculous*[3] in human nature: of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the Passions: in the coolness of Reflection and Reasoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject;

[3] On the astonishing idea of this double power over our passions, Gray has formed that exquisitely beautiful Prosopopœia of Nature appearing to him in his infancy, and saying;

> "This pencil take, whose colours clear
> Richly paint the vernal year;
> Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
> This can unlock the gates of Joy;
> Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
> Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."
>
> The Progress of Poetry, iii. 1.

but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through[4] human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellences, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage

[4] The truth of another of Dr. Johnson's assertions may, perhaps, be disputed; that Shakspeare's peculiar and predominant excellence consisted in his having given just representations of *general* nature, and not characters of *individuals*. Can this be properly said of the characters of *Falstaff*, of *Benedict*, of *Shallow*, of *Pistol*, of *Malvolio*, of *Caliban*, of *Ariel*, and many others? It is finely observed by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, "that a dash of individuality is sometimes necessary to give an interest, in Poetry as well as Painting." It seems an unwarrantable assertion of Dr. Johnson, "that the Tragedy of Macbeth has no nice discriminations of characters." Voltaire's censures of Shakspeare are equally void of taste and judgment; and not one of them more so than his *Examen* of *Hamlet*, which he says is the best of all the plays of Shakspeare.

seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder if Shakspeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find that not our Author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene among *Tradesmen*, and *Mechanics:* and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprise* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression, the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our Author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing,[5] but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue[6]: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakspeare by Aristotle's rules[7], is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to

[5] But Mr. Harris asserts, "that there never was a time when Rules did not exist; and that they always made a part of that immutable *Truth*, the natural object of every penetrating genius. So that there is hardly any thing we applaud in *Shakspeare*, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the Rules of sound and ancient Criticism." Philological Inquiries, p. 225.

[6] In the *Discoveries* of Ben Jonson are several excellent remarks on Dramatic Composition, prior to any that had at that time appeared in France; and far beyond those of *Mesnardiére*, published 1640, posterior to Jonson.

[7] This is applicable to those who judge in *this manner* of *Spenser*, *Ariosto*, and the Italian Poets; as is the constant practice of the French critics and their numerous disciples, not excepting even Boileau and Addison.

the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what Poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other Writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays[8] sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *player*[9], and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other

[8] Which Mr. *Malone* has endeavoured to settle with great labour and accuracy.

[9] From which circumstance it happened, said Garrick, that his verses are easier to be spoken than any others.

principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakspeare that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Hemings and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences, as the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry* VI. which was first published under the Title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects; but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or

judging: or rather (to be more just to our Author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc. if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the Poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company), if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest Genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*[1]. How far

[1] An end is put for ever to the dispute concerning the *Learning* of Shakspeare, by the masterly and convincing and unanswerable Essay of Dr. *Farmer* on this subject. We are now acquainted from what sources Shakspeare took every one of his Plots and Fables, except *Love's Labour Lost*, and the *Tempest*, which last I should think is from some Italian Novel. And this was the opinion of my friend and schoolfellow, Mr. William Collins, who in the last visit I ever made him with my brother, told us, he had seen an Italian Novel, in which was a chemical Necromancer, who had bound a Spirit to obey his call and perform his services. He imagined it was the history of Aurelio and Isabella, printed at Lyons, in 1555. On examining this little book, now in my possession, this appears not to be the fact. The story does not resemble that of the Tempest. There is no allusion in Shakspeare to any ancient classic author, but what had been translated into English, before, or in his time; as

he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners, of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shewn, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has

appears from the accurate list of these authors drawn up by Mr. Steevens, vol. ii. p. 89.

more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakspeare. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton): he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than some of those that have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partisans of our Author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expense of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said, on the one hand, that Shakspeare had none at all; and because Shakspeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted, on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because

Shakspeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakspeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

> Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partisans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great Poets were good friends[2], and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works

[2] But Mr. Malone has produced many mortifying and indisputable marks of their aversion to each other. And there is a tradition that the son of Sir *Walter Raleigh* perceiving *Ben Jonson*, who was his tutor, to be one day extremely in liquor, procured means to have him squeezed into a large buck-basket, and thrown into a river; and that *Ben Jonson* was irritated that this incident was introduced by Shakspeare into the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

encouraged by Shakspeare. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakspeare, which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot, for my own part, find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellences should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness, of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance), partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters de-

scribed by the poets; and that their heads at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines almost in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches solus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any Language: so could not be Shakspeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say, that not Shakspeare only, but Aris-

totle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV[3]. and *Midsummer Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello;* by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash dif-

[3] In the first scene of the first part of Henry IV. is an extraordinary note of Dr. Johnson justifying the lawfulness of the Holy Wars.

ferent from the other; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected[4]) was published by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous, For whatever had been added since those quartos by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the Author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*[5] there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in par-

[4] Of the two first editions see what Mr. Steevens has observed.

[5] Travellers now visit their tombs at Verona; in which city are many sepulchres detached from one another, standing in different streets, not in churchyards.

ticular (which seems to have belonged to their playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping or stretching an Author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the Author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts*, written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very[6] names are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis:* and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition

[6] *Much ado about nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*, instead of Balthasar. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp*, constantly through a whole scene.
Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed, and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakspeare introduces a kind of a Master of the Revels called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions; so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the Author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they ac-

cordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best Playhouses were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not Gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility; and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakspeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage), we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others[7] (particularly *Love's Labour*

[7] Mr. Malone has with much ingenuity attempted to prove that the three parts of King Henry the Sixth were not written by

Lost, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakspeare's, was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown Authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterward did Shakspeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause: (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same Author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakspeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him! And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunc-

Shakspeare; but Mr. Steevens thinks that he had as much hand in them as in many that pass under his name.

tions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence, of his first editors! From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish; and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakspeare's writings lie at present; for, since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text, are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakspeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that

one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficience in the context), are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this Author than in any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of Criticism (namely, the pointing out an Author's excellences) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized (most of which, are such as carry their own evidence along with them). These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the Author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakspeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his

drama, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic[8] piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

[8] Of *all* the many eulogiums on the character of our inimitable old bard, that of *Addison* is perhaps the most beautiful and brilliant. "Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in *Pyrrhus's* ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of *Apollo*, and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of Nature, without any help from Art."

THE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham in the county of Middlesex, make this my Last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*— of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno* 17—*ætatis* —; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of gray coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor general, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Exchequer, Esq. the survivors or survivor of them, Executors of this my Last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the above-said Earl of Marchmont. Those who in the course of my Life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Furnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttleton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed

books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq. and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath-hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of Five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs. and to Mrs. Anne

Arbuthnot, to each the sum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl; and it is my will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the sum of One thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household-goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government, or other securities, according to their best judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life: and, after her decease, I give the sum of One thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount,

I give the sum of Two hundred pounds to the above-said Gilbert West; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my servant, John Searl, to whichsoever of these shall be then living: And all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my Last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the Testator, as his Last Will and Testament, in Presence of us,

RADNOR.
STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.
JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University of Oxford.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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pm

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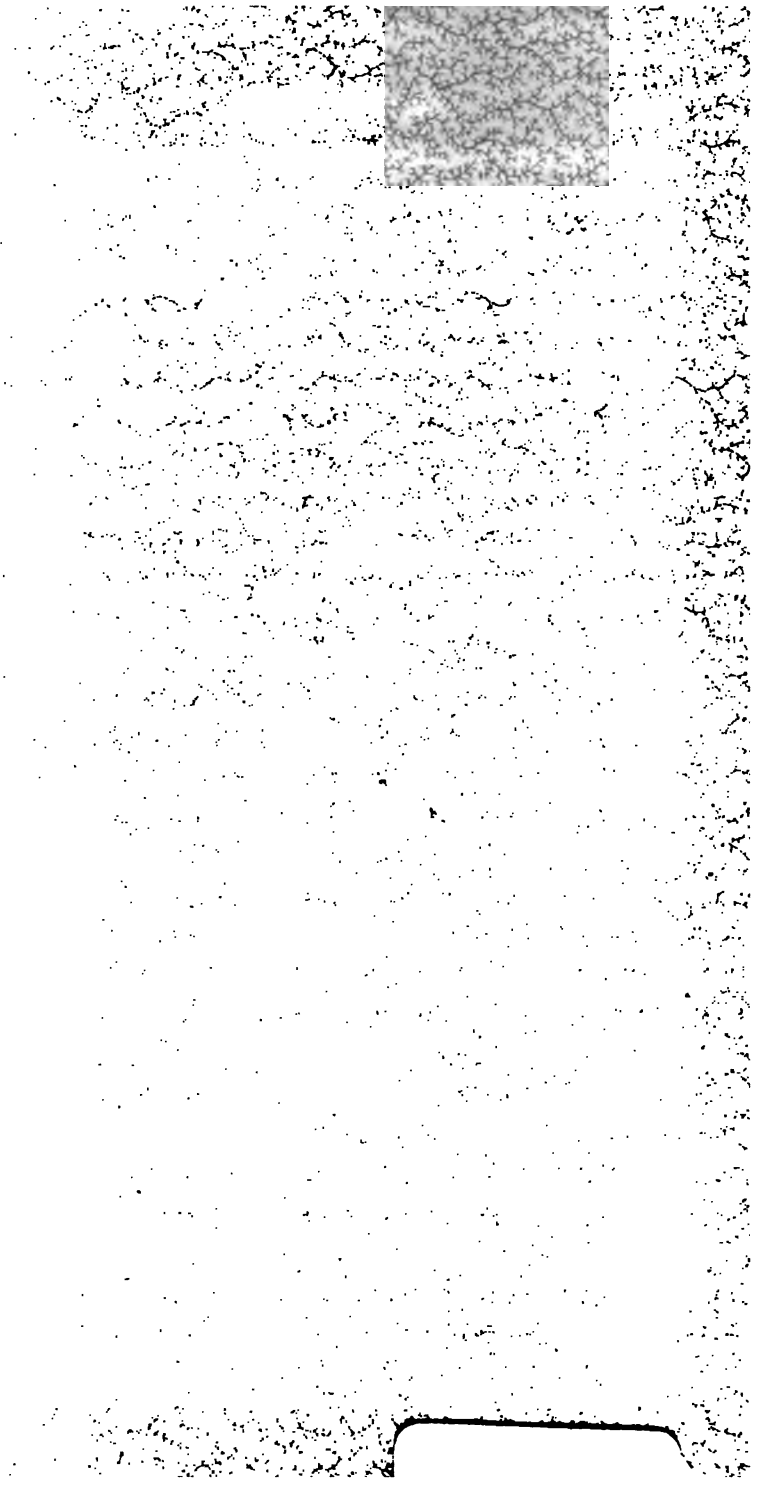
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